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From Publisher—To You

THE question whether or not a writer should also hold a job is one that has agitated literary folk ever since the first author scratched his lines upon the walls of his cave—despite the fact that most writers have had to do other work whether they wanted to or not. Sherwood Anderson now joins the ranks of those who believe, not only that it is a good thing, but that it is a necessary thing. Without going in for theories of professional art versus amateur hobbies, he frankly states that when he was without a job he just plain grew tired of associating so much with only one man—Sherwood Anderson. As a result, he has bought himself two country newspapers and is now so interested and busy that he has time to write for The Outlook.

NEXT in interest to Mr. Anderson's piece is Adachi Kinnosuke's essay on his remembrances of his childhood in Japan. He has never written anything finer than the series of which this paper is the first.

MEANWHILE, we are glad to welcome to our pages several new writers and editors of departments. Thomas H. Gammack, who will make us more familiar week by week with what the business and financial leaders of Wall Street think, is now on the staff of the New York "Sun." Harriet Eager Davis, formerly the editor of the "Little Delineator," and also author of several books and pieces for children, lives in New Haven when she is not junketing up and down the land collecting the tales from childhood which we begin printing in this issue. Ibby Hall is the nom de plume of a poet and writer of operettas for children, who uses this name for her journalistic work. We are calling her very human and unusual miniatures from the news, "Life and Death and Giants." Eugene Bonner, the writer of "Musical Impressions," is well known to musicians and composers both here and abroad, and now lives in New York City.

THESE, together with Frances Lamont Robbins, of "Speaking of Books," and Walter R. Brooks, of "Ivory, Apes & Peacocks," are all recent newcomers to The Outlook. We think you will enjoy their varied contributions.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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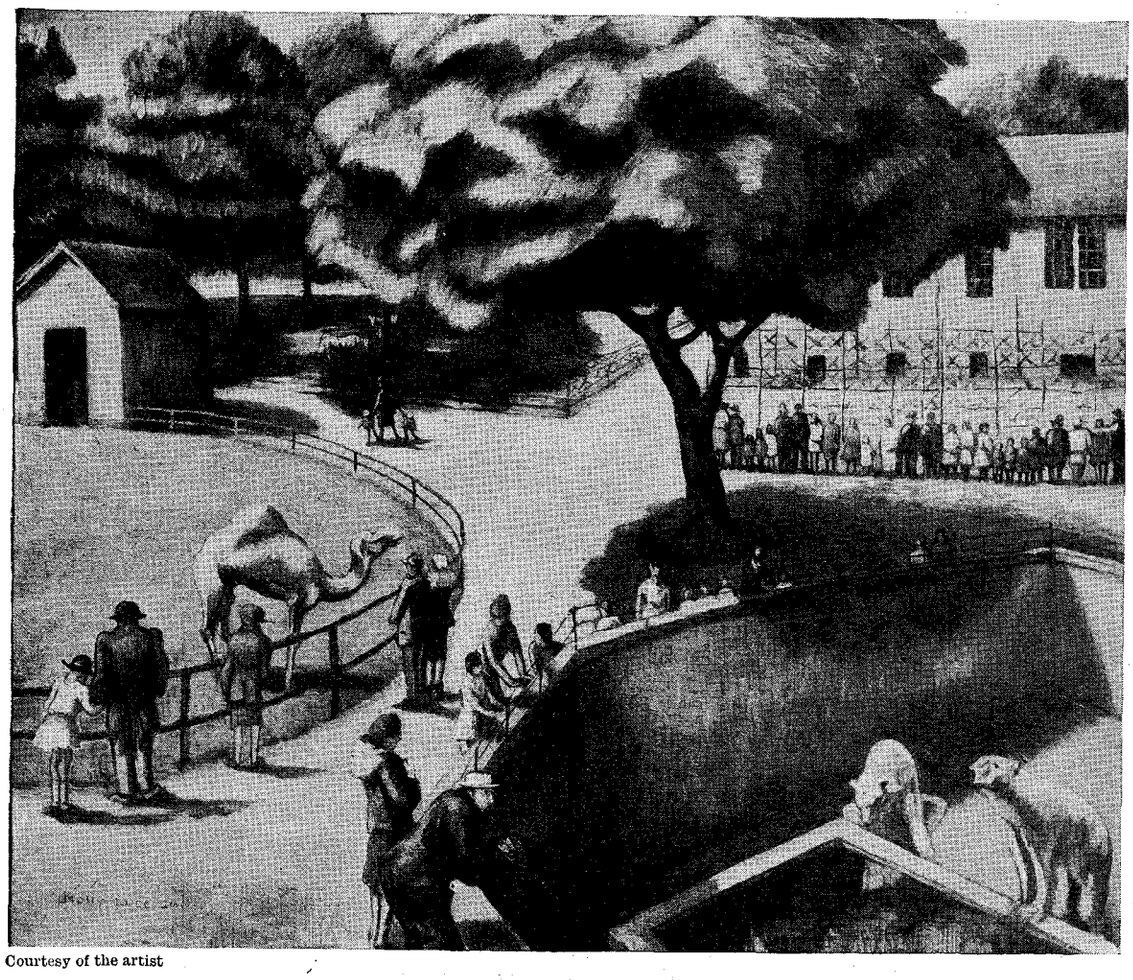

Courtesy of the artist

THE ZOO

By Molly Luce

This young American painter is a true descendant of the "little masters" of the sixteenth-century Flemish schools. She portrays familiar scenes of town and country with a whimsical friendliness. This is a typical and happy example of her work

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Nearer the Grass Roots

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By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

THE impulses that led me to become the editor and publisher of two small-town weeklies in a Virginia country town are somewhat complex. In the first place, I think almost every man in the country has the belief, buried away in him somewhere, that he would make a successful editor.

Formerly, when I lived in Chicago and New York, I knew a good many newspaper men. They all dreamed of getting away from the hectic rush of city newspaper work and owning a small-town weekly. Every writer has in him a love of the ink-pots, and all of the old trade words of the printer's craft are dear to him. There is, you see, a strong call in all the vast brotherhood of the ink-slingers in just the direction I am now going.

In my own case, I had the impulse, as suggested above, but I did not become a publisher for that reason. I am doing it primarily to make a living. I would like to go back of that a little.

Just making a living is hardly the problem. Almost any one can do that in America now.

It is important, though, how you make a living. The way you make your living has so much to do with what you get out of life. Even in America, making a living takes a good many hours.

I AM, as people interested in the tendencies of writing in America may know, the kind of writer whose work is a good deal more discussed than read. Perhaps a good many people who know my books do not know that. Well, it's true. My books have never sold well. I began writing when I was well past thirty and after the adventures that commonly come to any man who has been laborer, soldier, wanderer, and factory employee. At the time I began writing I had got, temporarily at least, out of the ranks of laborers and had become a copy man in an advertising agency in Chicago. At that job I was fairly successful, and I went on with it until about three years ago.

I was employed in a large advertising agency, and my employers were very patient. Sometimes I went on for months without the impulse toward writing coming to me at all; and during those times was, I presume, a fairly good copy man. Then the impulse did come. To be sure, it caught me many times unprepared. There might have been a rush of advertising copy in the agency just then. I had to stall. Many of my short stories were written at my desk in an advertising agency and while I was presumed to be writing advertising copy. A story of mine that has been often reproduced, called "I'm a Fool," was written while I was supposed to be writing automobile copy.

The agency employing me used to send me out to various towns, where I was to spend my time writing advertisements for manufacturers. I did write the advertisements, of course, but never took as much time doing it as I pretended to be taking. The spare time gained by thus cheating was often spent writing short stories or novels in some country-hotel room or on the bank of some stream near a small manufacturing town. My people were pretty patient with me.

My employers were naturally aware of what was going on. Sometimes I used to quit work altogether for months and wander away somewhere to devote myself to my fiction writing. The president of the agency once called me into his mahogany-furnished office and said: "Sherwood, I will stand for you, but I hope it isn't catching. I never would stand for another one like you."

I think it is true that almost every newspaper man and advertising man in the country has in him something of the writer. He is inclined to be sympathetic with such fellows as myself—and don't we take advantage of it! We are the unscrupulous ones. My employers were always kind. When I came back from a long period of vagabondage, they always gave me my job back. I have reason to know that they did it many times when they might have employed some other fellow more useful to them, at a much smaller wage. It was, I take it, their tribute to the brotherhood. To justify themselves to themselves, they pretended I was a fine copy writer.

I had always intended to hang on to some kind of a job outside of my writing. In spite of the fact that I got early recognition, my books did not sell. At last they did begin to sell a little, both in America and abroad. There was less and less need of my hanging on to my job as an advertising copy writer.

I GAVE it up. I did what every writer dreams of doing—became a man of leisure. One of my books, a novel, had sold very well indeed, and I had money with which to buy me a house and a small farm.

I thought of myself as settling down on the farm and leading the simple life. I would consort with nature, read, and loaf. Already I had published some ten or twelve books.

Whatever happens, I thought, the books I have already published, with what writing I will naturally do, will provide me a living as long as I am content to live in this simple fashion.

During my first year in the country I was quite happy. For one thing, I was building a house. This kept me busy.

It was during the second year that I began to pay heavily for my indiscretion. For an American, who had gone through the American grind, what I was trying to do is perhaps impossible. We all talk of wanting leisure. I doubt if any of us want it. No writer can write more than two or three hours a day. Often he cannot write at all. What was

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I to do with the long hours? I wandered over the fields; went fishing; tramped around from house to house, visiting my neighbors. Often I longed for my advertising agency.

My country neighbors all had work to do. They were farmers. Theirs was a busy life. I was the only idler in the neighborhood. They began to speak of me as "the millionaire." Americans think of any man who can get through life without working as either a crook or a millionaire. If my country neighbors ever suspected me of being a crook, they did not say so to my face.

Some of them read books and had seen my name in the newspapers and in the literary magazines. All Americans think any one must be a millionaire who frequently gets his name in the newspapers.

The two or three years I put in trying to be a man of leisure, a sort of gentleman writer on the European plan, let us say, were the most miserable I have ever spent. In desperation I went over and spent some months wandering in Europe. Nothing interested me much. I was associating altogether too much with one Sherwood Anderson. I never grew so tired of a man in my life.

I had come down into Virginia to settle, liking the country here and the people. In Virginia there is a touch of the South without too much of it. It suited me. I had no quarrel with my surroundings or my friends. My quarrel was with myself.

I had got into a position I did not want to be in. How was I to get out of it?

Sherwood Anderson

THERE were two newspapers published in a neighboring county seat town in the middle of a fat agricultural region, one Democratic and the other Republican. One day, on an impulse, I went to the town and purchased the papers. I have been running them now for a month, and it has been the most normal and happy month I have had since I threw up my job in the advertising agency in Chicago.

As to my policy in running these papers, I think I can say definitely that I have no policy beyond amusing myself, making them pay, keeping busy, and turning out live little newspapers. Of course, I expect to do other writing. Now that I am busy again I shall find time for that.

In reality, the small-town weekly is not a newspaper in the city newspaper sense. We do not handle any National news, pay no attention to sensational murders or divorce cases—unless they happen in our own town—and there is no rush. Such a thing as fear of a "beat" is unknown. The papers are filled almost altogether with news regarding the comings and goings of the people of this community. Death seems to be an important factor in our lives. Long obituary notices are written and sent in to my papers.

And then there are the churches and the lodges. They also fill much space. The churches are the social centers of our towns. Since the saloons have gone they are about the only social centers we have. Except perhaps the local newspaper office.

Most of the editorial work and reporting on the papers I have taken over I am doing myself. I have, however, found a young Virginia mountain man who promises to develop into something special. He has been up and down the world a good deal and has a sense of humor. He is writing for me under the name of "Buck Fever," and he has been a help. I am giving you here a sample of his method. It is making a hit in our town. He called this thing "The Lonesome Water Meter."

The Virginia Table Company has a water meter. It is the only one in town. A sad thing has happened to it. At first, when it was newly brought to town, it worked fine. Now it has begun to behave badly. For a long time now it has not been able to digest its water.

The matter was brought up at a meeting of the town council. Mr. Gordon, being nearer the lonesome meter than any one else, spoke very feelingly of its condition. He said he almost hated to go home at night, leaving the poor water meter there alone in the big, dark building.

It would be all right, he thought, if there were other water meters in town so that it could have an occasional evening of companionship. On several evenings, he said, he took the water meter home with him and invited in some of his friends.

There was song and wassail. Some of the guests danced, but the poor water meter would not dance. It sat in a corner and moped.

The council decided, and we think

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The Pure Land of Extreme Bliss

By Adachi Kinnosuke

EARLY one morning I got out of my bed, dressed, rushed out into the back garden, rubbing sleep out of my eyes as I ran. Under pine boughs and along the skirt of bamboo groves the twilight was still dreaming. And I saw I had actually beat the sun to the back yard.

When a little boy of not quite ten years of age does this sort of thing, there is bound to be something quite worthy to be put into a *sutra.* And there was, on this particular morning. I stole swiftly but cautiously to where my heart was—that is to say, where my treasure lay. And at the sight of it I felt a sudden tightening about my chest and the rush of blood to my head. It was whimpering and circling about the little house I had built for it the day before, my little treasure. I picked up the snowy ball of fur, and had no trouble at all to find that the little pup had cut one of its fore paws somehow.

I didn't waste a single second in looking at it or thinking about it. Quick as instinct, I made a bee line to the one person to whom I always ran whenever I got hurt—my mother.

I found her in front of the Buddha shelf—as a family shrine is called over there, where the mortuary tablets of our ancestors were kept. Mother had in her hand a lacquered tray on which were the bowls of freshly cooked, steaming rice. They were the usual morning offerings to the august ghosts.

"Honorably deign to look at this, mother-madam," said I. "The puppy cut its paw, look—"

Mother took a look at the bleeding paw I held out. Without a single word, she laid down the tray and took the pup from my arms. And then she turned her back squarely upon the Buddha shelf. I was about as thoughtless as any boy of my age at that time. I didn't notice anything particularly. But this action of mother's was something of a shock. I had never seen her permit anything to come between her and this first rite of the day of offering the first bowls of rice and paying her respects to the sainted spirits of the august ancestors—not until that day. In fact, I remember I felt guilty. I was a very bad boy to so forget myself in my moment of excitement over the hurt pup to intrude on her hour of devotion. All this, doubtless, was the reason why her action made quite an impression on me.

She did not call for a servant to attend to the little pup. She, with her own hands, washed the wound and dressed it with a piece of white cloth. Then she took it out on to a large flagstone before the veranda. Instantly the puppy jumped about and played with her kimono skirt; it didn't even limp.

"There, now," said mother, "happy again."

I stretched out both of my arms to her. I don't remember feeling quite as grateful in my boyish days as at that moment. And that's strange, for she had dressed my own wounds before that hundreds of times.

"Mother-madam," breathed I out of the depth of my grateful heart, "I'll get you the biggest persimmon you ever saw. And—and I will be a good boy, I will."

WHAT I had in my mind's eye—clearly and vividly—was a huge persimmon tree which grew over a garden wall I used to pass almost every day on my way to school. The ancient tree did not belong to me. It belonged to an old family who owned the garden behind the wall. And every time we boys climbed up the wall and into the tree after the golden gift of autumn, all of us knew we were risking something a good deal more corporeal than a mere qualm of conscience, if any. Every time I passed under the tree I had my eyes on a dozen fruits high up in the air. I had marked them as my own when they were quite green, and watched them grow bigger and more and more golden in the autumn sun. It was one of these I promised mother.

I didn't see anything wrong about myself. But I did see something decidedly wrong in the conduct of my beloved mother.

"Why, mother-madam, you have forgotten august *hotoke* [sainted spirits]. Made them wait honorable offering of rice cooling."

Mother smiled faintly. "You don't seem to see I have been serving august Buddha. Didn't you know there is Buddha in a puppy?"

I said, "No."

"There is. Just as there are the spirit presences of august ancestors in those *ihai* [mortuary tablets] on the Buddha shelf. When I serve Buddha in a puppy, the august spirits of ancestors would be pleased—quite pleased to wait for their morning offerings. So do not pain your little heart over that."

I DID not know what mother was talking about at the time. Years and years later, when I delved into the speculative philosophy of India, the above remark of mother came back into my mind as the first pronouncement I had heard of the cardinal tenet of Buddhism—the Buddahood of all things.

Speaking in terms of the absolute and the infinite, there is nothing in the whole universe but Buddha—not alone a pup, but a piece of rock as well is Buddha. Not a mere presence of Buddha in all things—but the very Buddha-nature or Buddha-essence of all things. For there is but one entity in the universe. "I alone am supreme," said Gotama.

Mother went on: "There is something else, too, in the puppy. There lies in that hurt paw the path to the Pure Land of Extreme Bliss—did you know it? There are many, many trails to the top of Mount Fuji, as you may have heard. And there are many, many ways to the Pure Land of Extreme Bliss. One of them lies through wherever pain and suffering are. And I don't know of any better short cut to the *Jodo,* the Pure Land, than doing something to ease or take away the pain in anything. So, you see, that hurt paw of your little puppy is a sort of mile-post to paradise—do you think you will remember that?"

Suns and moons of some forty years have passed over these words of mother. But they have not been able to erase them from my memory.

AND here, incidentally, is the key to one of the outstanding human miracles in the world—the Japanese woman.

Rotten eggs, horse-laughs, humorous contempt, and other marks of "American chivalry" marked the paths of the early leaders of woman's rights in the United States. But, compared with the trials and tribulations and unspeakable persecutions which the Japanese males have visited on the defenseless heads of our women, the experiences of American

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suffragettes look like flowery beds of ease.

Lafcadio Hearn could not understand how in the name of all that is sacred the monstrous crimes, cruelties, abuses, heaped upon the gentle heads of Japanese women for centuries and centuries on end have actually produced such perfection of human devotion as seen among the upper-class women of Japan.

"How sweet," he wrote to Professor Chamberlain once, "Japanese woman is! All the possibilities for goodness seem to be concentrated in her. It shakes one's faith in some Occidental doctrines. If this be the result of suppression and oppression, then these are not altogether bad. On the other hand, how diamond-hard the character of the American woman becomes under the idolatry of which she is the object."

It was not the crude male "suppression and oppression" that wrought the gentle miracle, of course. That short cut to the Pure Land of Extreme Bliss mother mentioned—that is the real answer. That flaming aspiration of the Nippon woman to walk into the kingdom of grace by battling against and taking away pain and suffering wherever found is the real explanation. It made her forget such petty emotions as anger and thirst for revenge. It made her quite absent-minded about the very wrongs she was suffering. She was too busy thinking of pain and suffering she should be removing to bother much about her own wrongs.

I CAME home one day with my chest sticking out—not more than a couple of feet, but every inch immodest with impressive emphasis. I had learned that day from my ju-jutsu master a new hold and a new throw. The passion to show it off possessed me as a demon is said to possess a man.

The first person I met at home was my grandmother; so I rushed up to her:

"Grandmother-madam, I've learned a new hand in ju-jutsu. May I hang it on your honorable eyes?"

"Really," said grandmother, and smiled.

"This way, grandmother-madam." So saying, I seized her left arm.

She was standing on the edge of the veranda, outside of her room. Mother had told me often that grandmother was quite an expert in the art of ju-jutsu. The aspiration of showing her something which would command her attention must have worked on my small soul like a flaming fever.

Just what happened I never knew.

Only I heard a sound as of a bone cracking. And the next instant I saw grandmother fall from the edge of the veranda. All that the popping eyes of mine could see was the pale face of my grandmother on the sanded ground.

Thoroughly frightened—as no son of a Samurai should have been frightened—I leaped off the veranda and tried to lift grandmother. I found I wasn't strong enough to do it. So, in that hour of need, I tried the only thing which rarely failed to bring some result—I yelled at the top of my voice, calling for help.

Mother and a couple of maids were sewing in the adjoining room. They rushed out. A glance was quite enough for mother. She leaped off the veranda. Gathering grandmother in both of her arms, she asked:

"Donasai mashita?" [Your honorable person—is it safe and well?]

Then mother's eyes wandered to my face. Guilty conscience must have been painting on it as on a billboard:

"What have you done?" mother asked me.

But grandmother stopped her with a gentle gesture of her uninjured arm. And mother, with the help of the maids, carried grandmother into her room. For the rest of the day, until I was ordered away, I hung about in front of the closed *shoji* of the room. But I did not see grandmother. I saw father enter the room. I heard a flow of whispered conversation within. I saw father come out. He looked at me, and I cringed as under a cutting lash of rebuke. But he didn't say a word to me. I tried to say something to him—I wished to ask him about grandmother. But I couldn't. Words simply stuck in my throat and would not come out, somehow. He passed on. Mother came out. She, too, did not say a single word to me.

I NEVER felt quite so friendless, quite so abandoned, as I did then—and so deathly sick at heart. A vivid sense of having done something terrible got me by the throat like a pair of skeleton hands of an avenging ghost. I could hardly breathe. And within me I felt my heart soggy and heavy, like a dead something left out in the rain all night.

How I managed to swallow my evening meal without choking myself to death I do not know; but I did. I crawled into my bed as in a trance. The night wore on, and sleep must have come to me, for even to this day I remember how I jerked myself up in bed—a horrible dream had wakened me. And I saw that dawn was pressing its pale, sickly cheek against the outer *shoji* of my room. Another day came. Everybody seemed to have lost his or her voice. All in the house spoke in whispers.

But why was I not called into father's room? I expected the call all through the waking hours of the night before. I dreaded it, but I confidently expected it. I knew full well I was guilty if ever I was in all my ill-omened young life. I was in for a terrible licking. Yet it did not come. I was perfectly willing and ready to be whipped—cut into bits—fed to sharks—ready to go through almost anything. But it did not come. It didn't that day at all. The more I dreaded its coming—strange but true, this—the more impatient I seemed to become. Why didn't it come? Another day came and went, but the call didn't come.

THEN early in the morning of the day following a couple of stout *kago* bearers came with a stretcher. They brought out grandmother on it, and father, with the help of the bearers, placed her comfortably in that old-fashioned Japanese conveyance, swung on a pole and borne on the shoulders of two carriers—one in front and the other behind—and which is usually known as a palanquin in Europe. And I saw then that I had hurt my grandmother more seriously than I had dreamed. She was injured, not only in her arm, but elsewhere, perhaps even more vital.

I just took one look at grandmother—the first I had had since the terrible event. A power I had no idea of pushed me to where she lay. Something within me was driving me to speak out to her. But mother caught me just then and pulled me back. Tears filled my eyes and flowed down both of my cheeks, openly and without shame. Then great sobs which I could not control came up from somewhere away down my throat. I knew I was crying, but I did not care.

Just then I caught grandmother's eyes. She was smiling at me. And that was the one and the only smile I had got from anybody since I hurt grandmother. It went to my heart like a thrill. And that was a bit too much. I gave it up. Mother, she did not smile at me, but I felt her arm tighten about my body, shaking itself to pieces in a fit of sobbing.

After that I saw nothing of my grandmother for days, weeks, months. She

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had gone away—but where? What became of her? Was she mending? Somehow, for reasons not clear to myself, I could not bring myself to ask father or mother about it.

THEN one day, as early autumn was weaving her crimson brocade on the hillsides of Kameoka, grandmother came back. She was all right again. At the first sight of her sunshine came back into the skies all of a sudden. At the time I was adding a finishing touch or two on a wooden horse upon which I had lavished the concentrated and loving labor of more than a month. I kicked it out of my way with a vicious kick. I didn't even know what I was kicking. I hurled myself pell-mell at grandmother. I threatened to knock her down again then and there, with the savage outburst of my joy.

"Oh, grandmother-madam, where have you been so long—so long?"

"Have you missed your grandmother—very much?"

I saw that the first one she took into her arms on her home-coming was me. So there was not a single drop of tear in my eyes; they were shining bright and merry. It was grandmother's turn to have a considerable trouble with her welling eyes and with her voice.

Long before I went to bed that day grandmother had told me all about her trip. She had gone to her native town of Sasayama, in the country of Tango, to have a famous surgeon there attend to her injured arm. She had stayed away all those months to recover from internal injuries caused by her fall from the veranda.

But what she told me did not clear away another mystery—why I had never been called into father's room. I had expected the punishment almost every day—every hour, each day, in fact. And the constant thought of it in my mind spoiled everything for me. Can it be possible that a miracle of grace was fighting for my escape? I was a mere boy then, with all the boy's optimism for a happy turn of things. But I suffered from a touch of sanity off and on. And the very thought of an escape from punishment had all the monkey appearances of utter idiocy. As a matter of fact, I had been punished time and again for offenses which were mere flea-bites compared with this one. And punished, too, so severely sometimes that I never could erase their scars.

To go scot-free for the worst thing I had done so far was simply absurd. It was coming, I knew, and I felt mortally sure that it was going to be worse for taking such a long time in coming. And it got so it actually affected my appetite. I didn't have the courage to come right out and ask father about it, and so ending once for all the torture of suspense—"with a stroke of the blade," as our old saying goes. For that seemed so like going out of the way and calling down the wrath of the gods upon my unwilling head. But the longer I kept still, the more I felt as if I were carrying a sealed volcano inside of me.

FINALLY, in a fit of desperation, I went to my grandmother:

"I was a very bad, wicked boy," I told her abruptly.

"Why, child—an evil *karma* trapped you again?" said the old lady, somewhat surprised. "What have you done now?"

"I mean when I hurt you so terribly that time. And—and—you have never punished me, grandmother-madam. Why?"

Grandmother put her arm about me and drew me closer to her. A touch of her hand always spoke to me in about the same way that the touch of a master musician's speaks to a violin or to a *koto*. It somehow used to make me forget things. And because she did not say anything for a long time, I looked up at her. Grandmother's eyes were rather misty and her lips quivered a good deal when she said:

"Have you ever been punished by your grandmother? Have I ever punished you?"

I had never thought of that. I

(*Continued on page 31*)

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Musical Impressions

By EUGENE BONNER

IN the month of April of the year 1922 a demonstration perhaps unprecedented in the history of the institution took place in the Metropolitan Opera House. Though not being of the fortunate ones present on that occasion, the reverberations of the goings-on reached even to the quiet Sicilian hillside where we were living at that time, trying without any marked success to mind our own business. The event that caused the commotion was the farewell performance after a brilliant career of sixteen years on that stage of a great artist, Geraldine Farrar.

That her return after four years of retirement would be an occasion of more than usual interest was to be expected, but it is to be doubted if even her most enthusiastic admirers could have foreseen the reception accorded this singer who, coming to us as Juliette and leaving as Zaza, returned to us once more, this time in concert.

As she came onto the stage an audience that jammed Carnegie Hall to the doors rose to its feet as one man, cheering and applauding for a good five minutes before she was allowed to begin her first group of songs. That she got through the first number as well as she did is little short of a miracle, as the emotional strain must have been great, but get through it she did, and extremely well at that. Mention must be made of a wonderful dress of cloth of silver and green ostrich feathers with its long train, the train that has now gone down in history for having caused the lady to make a somewhat deeper curtsey than she intended!

Miss Farrar wisely refrained from singing any arias from the operas associated with her name and, with the exception of the air from "Figaro," confined herself to songs by Handel, Beethoven, Gluck, Schumann, Schubert, Franz, Rachmaninoff, and others. That her voice has benefited greatly by her long rest is obvious; her high tones suffer, as always, from her peculiar method of attack, but she has developed a velvety middle register, hitherto absent, which is peculiarly suitable to the type of songs that composed her program. Her singing of the "Ich liebe dich" of Beethoven and the Schumann "Loreley" was marked by a beautiful simplicity, while the manner in which she did the "Figaro" aria and "L'Eventail" gently reminded us that the actress as well as the singer was before us.

After the last number a goodly portion of the audience surged like an avalanche down the aisles to the stage, and finally, after two encores added to those she had given earlier in the proceedings, the singer made a short speech, thanking the audience for its applause and for the encouragement given her to go on.

In appearance Miss Farrar is handsomer than before, her silver-gray hair making her look younger than ever, and, while she has not grown thinner, we feel that she will have no trouble when she is ready to get once more into her Tosca, Butterfly, and Manon costumes, which we hope, in spite of rumors to the contrary, are still hanging in some convenient closet waiting for their owner.

HEREAFTER, *each week, Eugene Bonner—musician, composer, and critic—is going to give us news and criticisms on affairs in the musical world. Mr. Bonner's interests and his life make him eminently qualified for his task. He is thoroughly acquainted with what is going on in music both here and abroad.*

New operas, new experiments, happenings of note—all will be reported in these pages. It will give us an intelligent view of a subject which has been too much neglected in a country so passionately devoted to music in all its forms—from jazz to grand opera.

"LA Sacra Rappresentazione di Abramo e d'Isaac," by Ildebrando Pizzetti, brought forward by the Friends of Music for the first time in America, proved to be a very beautiful though very tantalizing piece of work—that is, as it was presented the other afternoon at the Town Hall. The "Sacre Rappresentazioni" were a form of religious entertainment very popular in Florence in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The text of this particular "opera-oratorio," as it is called, was written by one Feo Belcari, a Florentine of the fifteenth century, who, according to Henry Bellamann in his program notes, wrote some of the best of these plays, which were "related in matter and manner to the Miracle Plays of England and the *Mystères* of France, but were a higher dramatic development growing out of superior intellectual and social conditions. . . . They differed from the Miracles, Moralities, and Mysteries, in that they were midway between religious ceremonies and actual dramatic representations."

Symonds in his "Renaissance in Italy" gives us further data on this particular form of entertainment: "It must be remembered that these texts were written for boys and were meant to be acted by boys. Thus came into existence a peculiar type of sacred drama, displaying something childish in its style, but taxing the ingenuity of scene painters, mechanicians, architects, musicians, and poets, to produce a certain calculated theatrical effect."

The version used by Pizzetti of this particular play is an adaptation by Onorato Castellino of the text of d'Ancora, who, it seems, collected and edited many of these *rappresentazioni.* As done the other afternoon it was a naïve and not very interesting play, read, not acted, with very beautiful musical interludes. Although the Narrator, Paul Leyssac, read extremely well, he was hampered in that he had to interpret the rôles of five different characters, which made for a certain monotony, to say the least. Editha Fleischer, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sang the two Angels, while the voices from heaven were sung by the chorus of the Friends of Music trained by Stephen Townsend. Artur Bodansky, as usual, conducted.

Of the music of Pizzetti it is difficult for us not to burst into a shower of superlatives. While, comparatively speaking, a young man, for some reason or other he is not reckoned among the "modern" composers, though why such should be the case it is difficult to understand, as, while he has not indulged in some of the more extravagant phases of modernism, he is scarcely what might be termed a conservative. In this particu-

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Mishkin

Geraldine Farrar, who has returned to public life, this time on the concert stage

lar case he has written music such as the rather naïve character of the play calls for, music of great simplicity and tenderness, skillfully scored. Madame Fleischer sang the music allotted to her with great intelligence and purity of tone, while the chorus and orchestra were more than equal to the demands made upon them. Mr. Bodansky, nearly always at his best in these concerts, conducted with understanding and sympathy. The chorus and dance at the end, perhaps the longest and most complete of all the fragments that compose the work, was particularly effective. As the whole proceedings occupied only an hour, half of which was given over to spoken recitative, it will be seen that, while the musical fare was rich in quality, it left something to be desired in the matter of quantity. Let us hope that Mr. Bodansky will see fit to let us hear the music again in the future given as a suite without the accompanying recitations.

A visit from the Cleveland Orchestra is always an affair of interest, but when its conductor, Nikolai Sokoloff, includes two such items on the program as the splendid Israel symphony of Ernest Bloch and the rarely given "Demoiselle Elue" of Debussy the visit becomes an event.

The Bloch symphony was composed between 1912 and 1916. The composer conceived it as an expression of the sorrows of Israel. To use his own words: "I hold it of first importance to write good, genuine music, *my* music. It is the Jewish soul that interests me, the complex, glowing, agitated soul that I feel vibrating throughout the Bible: the freshness and naïveté of the patriarchs; the violence that is evident in the prophetic books, the Jew's savage love of justice; the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem; the sorrow and immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs. . . . All this is in me, and it is the better part of me. It is all this that I endeavor to hear in myself and to transcribe in my music: the venerable emotion of the race that slumbers deep down in our soul."

The profound sincerity of the music, its power and its tragic tenderness, were well brought out by Mr. Sokoloff, who conducted the work with a fine authority and understanding. This young *chef d'orchestra* brings an enthusiasm, a vitality, to his performances which is contagious.

"La Demoiselle Elue" of Debussy was written by that composer during his sojourn in the Eternal City as winner of the Grand Prix de Rome, in 1885. It is not often given, which is a pity, as it is perhaps the most interesting example of his earlier period. It is founded on Rossetti's poem "The Blessed Damozel" and is for women's voices, solo and chorus. Its sweet and at times almost saccharine phrases are admirably suited to the Rossetti poem, which, in spite of its beauty, is undeniably affected. There is a distinct foreshadowing of "Pelleas and Mélisande" in harmonic style and in the thematic material.

The other numbers included "La Procesion del Rocio," by Joaquin Turina, an interesting composer of the contemporary Spanish school; the overture to the "Magic Flute;" and the introduction and march from the "Coq d'Or" of Rimsky-Korsakoff.

The English Singers are back and have given another one of their perfect concerts, this time with a program made up principally of Christmas carols. Everything that can be said has been said many times over where these fine artists are concerned. "Corpus Christi" arranged by Peter Warlock was as thrilling as ever, "The Dying Swan" made her usual pessimistic remarks about mankind in general, while "Wassail-Song," with its cheerful toasts to the ox and his right eye, horn, and tail, swept over the audience like a flurry of Christmas snow.

There is one thing, however, we would like to know. As any one who has heard them knows, the six of them sit round a table and sing without accompaniment of any kind. Where, when, and how do they get their pitch?

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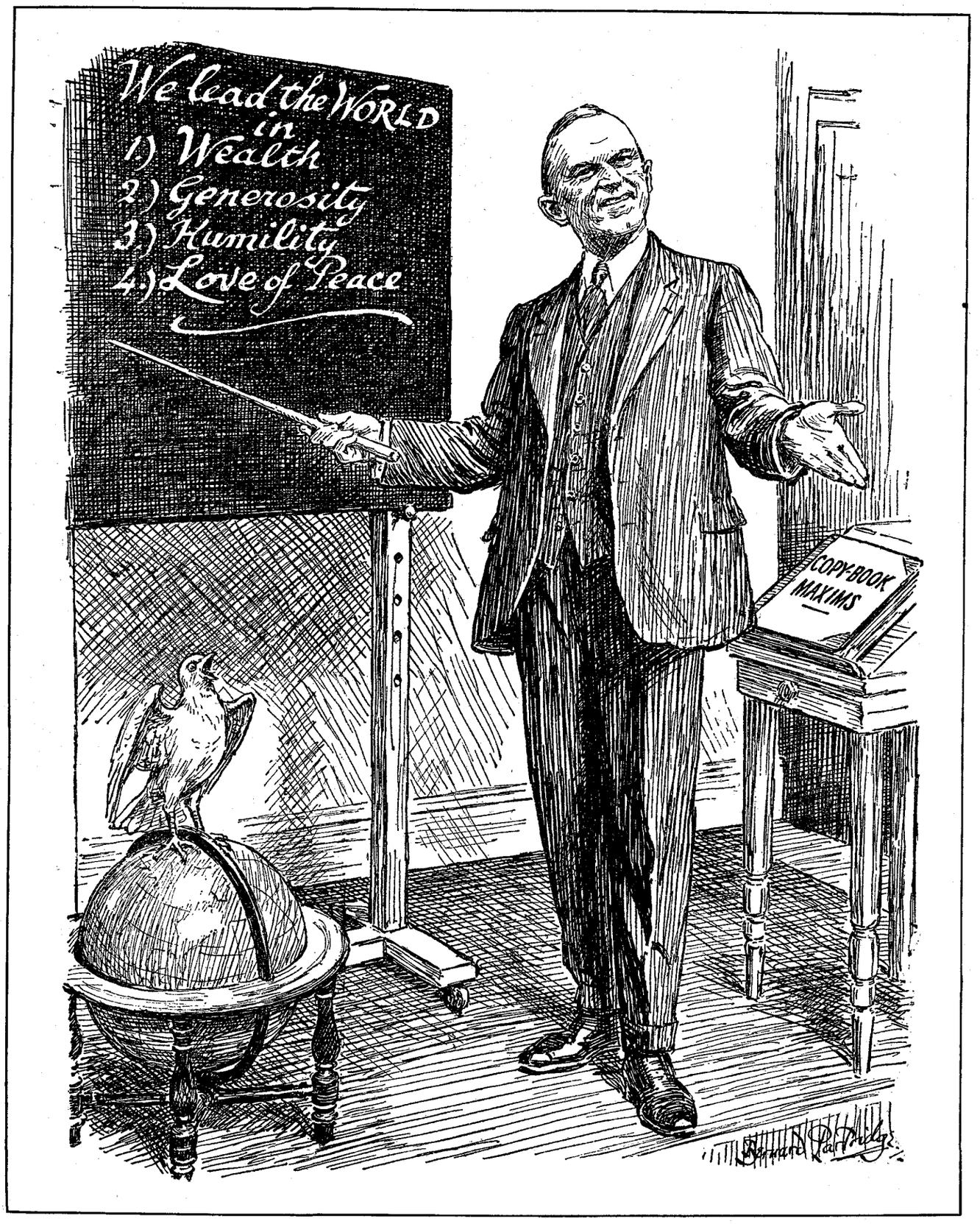
The Way Europe Sees Us

Bernard Partridge in London Punch



Q. E. D.

President Coolidge: "And what is our logical conclusion from this, my friends? Obviously it is that we must build more war-ships."

American Dove: "Cock-doodle-doo!"

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

January 4, 1928

Men-Beasts

A STRIKING tribute to the efficiency and certainty of finger-prints in the detection of criminals is afforded by the Hickman murder case. The police had a car the unknown murderer had used. They searched it almost with microscopic thoroughness for prints in vain, but at last found the clear print of a thumb on the little mirror for looking back. They identified it with a print formerly taken from Hickman. With the print was Hickman's photograph. In a few hours copies of the portrait were in the hands of police and in the newspapers, and the father of the murdered girl and others had recognized it as that of the man they had seen. The now confessed murderer had made his way from Los Angeles to Echo, Oregon, and his arrest there was due to the identification of this portrait in Seattle.

"Do you think I will get as much publicity as Leopold and Loeb?" Hickman is quoted as saying. What a comment on the way in which the criminally cruel instinct is aroused by the raw and yellow sensationalism with which the panders of publicity clothe the abnormal and the horrible!

Atrocity seems a mild word to use for the crime in which Hickman participated. The little girl who was the victim of the crime was lured from school on pretense that her father had been injured, was kept by the kidnapper, and then was killed. And in exchange for money her mutilated body was delivered to her parents. It will be of no great good to society simply to put the perpetrator or perpetrators of this crime out of the way and then forget them. Mental or moral defectives capable of such atrocious crimes ought to be discoverable before they do their irreparable damage. Society has a long way to go yet before it deals adequately and intelligently with those capable of such deeds.

As compared with the revolting Hickman case, that of Remus has almost comic aspects. This man killed his wife; was his own lawyer; pleaded insanity existing at the time of the crime, but not later; drove judge and lawyers wild by his refusal to follow legal methods; and was acquitted by a jury who seemed to be influenced mainly by a desire to make this poor wife-killer a Christmas present of his liberty and were so ignorant that they were astonished when Remus was held for criminal insanity proceedings.

Neither of these slayers, the one of a little girl, the other of a wife, is entitled to arouse any emotion but horror and disgust.

Blue Ribbon Juries

IT is expected that Congress in its present session will consider the appointment of a Federal Commission to study and report as to desirable changes in the criminal law and procedure of Federal courts. Abuses specified relate to probation and parole, the management of prisons, and leniency to habitual criminals.

So far the legislation might be of the type of New York's Baumes Law. But in one other proposed method of making punishment for crime certain and soon New York has long been in advance. This is in what have been popularly called blue ribbon juries. A staff writer in the Brooklyn "Eagle," Mr. Thomas S. Rice, asserts that the recent mistrial in the Sinclair-Fall case would have been impossible if there were such a Federal jury law, as the juror whose loose talk started the trouble would never have been on the jury.

Briefly, New York's Special Jurors Law, adopted over twenty years ago, provides for a special jury in any county having a million or more population. If a United States statute is passed, probably the Federal district would serve as a unit. In New York the special jurors, selected under the direction of appellate judges, are exempt from other jury service, and they are chosen because of their being known as intelligent, substantial citizens.

Several hundred jurors are on the list. Legally they may be called for in either criminal or civil cases, but actually they are rarely called for except in important criminal cases. The law has been attacked, but has been sustained by the Court of Appeals.

Senator Norris, of Nebraska, who with Senator Walsh, of Montana, is reported to favor this and other Federal criminal law reforms, says, "It seems to me we should have improved methods of obtaining better jury material and better juries."

What has been going on in Washington lately confirms this mild statement; and so does the verdict of the jury in the Remus case.

S–4—What is the Lesson?

INEVITABLY, as the last hope of rescue for the victims of the S–4 disaster faded out, there followed questions whether their death might have been made avoidable, whether such tragedies are preventable in the future, whether all was done that could be done. As to the last there is no strong reason to doubt—sea and storm made the effort fruitless. As to the other two questions, the most searching inquiry and a study of the elicited facts in their widest aspects are demanded and will doubtless be made.

The scores of suggestions and criticisms published range in authorship from the lady who says that the Navy should use a magnet to raise sunken submarines to competent engineers. Among them, in addition to the two we named last week (iron loops outside submarines to which chains might be fastened to help in raising, and the making imperative of a surface convoy whenever possible), are that buoys attached outside and releasable from inside should be used; that oscillators, "the ears of a ship," should be in every submarine and naval ship to warn of other vessels—Professor Fessenden, inventor of devices used in war time, is quoted as saying that if the Paulding, with which the S–4 collided, had had this equipment, she would have been warned of the S–4's presence.

Secretary Wilbur (according to a statement in the New York "Sun") remarks that submarines are "not built merely to be rescued; they are built for military purposes." This sounds flippant and has caused resentment. Secretary Wilbur cannot dissuade the country from believing that submarine sailors should be protected by every possible way not inconsistent with military ends. The New York "Times" summarizes the

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Secretary's view as being that "the submarine policy of the Navy had been concentrated on improvements in internal submarine construction intended to increase their safety, rather than on utilization of limited space in them for bulky safety equipment which might, or might not, be found available in an accident."

Admiral Rock's letter after the loss of the S–51 is given out by Secretary Wilbur. It argues against the efficacy and practicality of many safety devices, but thinks that new submarines built with more room might be better guarded. Of course, a submarine cannot be built in a day, but meanwhile every conceivable effort should be used to make the old ones safe. The Admiral does not seem to see this.

Here we have the same callousness that allowed the use of the airplanes called "Jennies" while better ones were being built. The death of Curtis Wheeler will not soon be forgotten.

The Dawn, Missing at Sea

It is the irony of fate that the Dawn, chosen, it is stated, by Mrs. Grayson as peculiarly fitted to prove that the Atlantic could be crossed in the safe and sane way, was turned back by misadventure three times—once when five hundred miles at sea.

Not deterred by these failures nor by advice against undertaking a winter flight, Mrs. Grayson, with Omdal, an experienced Norwegian pilot, Goldsborough, navigator and relief pilot, and Koehler, engine expert, on December 23 left Roosevelt Field, bound, on the first leg of the flight, for Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, with strong hope of reaching England on Christmas Day.

What happened we shall probably never know. If a half-read radio message from the Dawn was rightly interpreted, the "amphibian" must have been forced down somewhere between Cape Cod and Sable Island. But for two days cruisers and other vessels scanned coast and waves in vain, while on Monday the great dirigible Los Angeles, with a much wider range of vision, had no better fortune.

Again the question is asked, Why prove what has already been proved? We know that the Atlantic can be crossed by airplane—it has been done more than once; but we know also that the feat is not merely dangerous, but that, unless it is undertaken with the best possible combination of excellence in engine, type of plane, pilot, and at least fairly satisfactory weather, it is extra-hazardous. The temptation to overload is strong, and may have been the underlying source of disaster. Public opinion now favors distance flying that directly leads to continuous air intercourse between countries and development thereby of commerce and friendly relations.

Mrs. Grayson, impelled by the desire to be the first woman to make a complete transatlantic voyage, had courage and persistence, and, with her crew, deserves honor.

It is now to be hoped that hereafter aspirants for transocean victories may be induced to secure in advance inspection and approval from adequate aeronautical authorities.

Mr. Hoover's Qualifications

Politicians have openly recognized that Secretary Hoover's candidacy for the Presidential nomination is already formidable. Of course those who want to keep on the safe side of certainty by not committing themselves have not acknowledged Mr. Hoover's strength specifically; that is not the way of politicians. What they have done is to question Mr. Hoover's eligibility.

What are the Constitutional qualifications that a man must have to be eligible for the Presidency? Most Americans would say that any native American thirty-five years old is eligible. There is, however, a clause in the Constitution which most Americans, we think, ignore. It is that which says that no person shall be eligible to the office who shall not have been "fourteen years a resident within the United States." How did that clause happen to get into the Constitution, and what does it mean?

The provision regarding eligibility as it now stands in the Constitution reads:

> No person except a natural born Citizen, or a Citizen of the United States, at the time of the Adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the Office of President; neither shall any Person be eligible to that Office who shall not have attained to the Age of thirty-five Years, and been fourteen Years a Resident within the United States.

As Thomas James Norton points out in his compact book "The Constitution of the United States: Its Sources and Its Application," "many of foreign birth who had helped to create the United States would have been rendered ineligible had not the provision been inserted making eligible those of foreign birth who at the time of the adoption of the Constitution were citizens of the United States." Of these, as Mr. Norton notes, seven were signers of the Constitution. Among them the foremost was Alexander Hamilton. No record, so far as we know, explains why the requirement as to residence was added; but it is plain that without such a provision a newcomer who had had no part in the Revolution or in the framing of the Government might have been eligible. With the lapse of time that has rendered obsolete the eligibility of foreign-born citizens, the provision as to residence seems to have lost significance. It remains, however, as a valid part of the Constitution.

There is no possible doubt that Mr. Hoover has been a resident in the United States for fourteen years. He was born here (in Iowa), grew up here, was educated here (taking his bachelor's degree at Stanford University).

The question concerning Mr. Hoover is possible only if the provision is interpreted as requiring of an American citizen residence for fourteen years immediately preceding the term for which he is otherwise eligible. That is stretching both language and the facts. The New York "World," whose party affiliations are opposed to Mr. Hoover's, declares the attack on Mr. Hoover is for the purpose of making him appear "a kind of expatriated person," and adds that "nothing could be further from the truth." Mr. Hoover's activities abroad both as an engineer and as a humanitarian have been the activities of an American and have redounded not merely to his own honor but to the honor of his country.

This incident is significant solely as a tribute from Mr. Hoover's political foes within and without his party to the formidable character of his candidacy.

Senator Jones, of New Mexico

In the death of Senator A. A. Jones, of New Mexico, the Senate of the United States has lost one of the least spectacular and one of the most serviceable of its members. Senator Jones was rarely heard from the floor, but when he did speak it was with deliberation and thorough knowledge of his subject. The record of his years in the Senate is mainly the record of efficient committee work. He had been extremely active in the work of the Committee on Appropriations and the Committee on Finance, and only a little less active, if at all so, in the work of the Committee on

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Cartoons of the Week

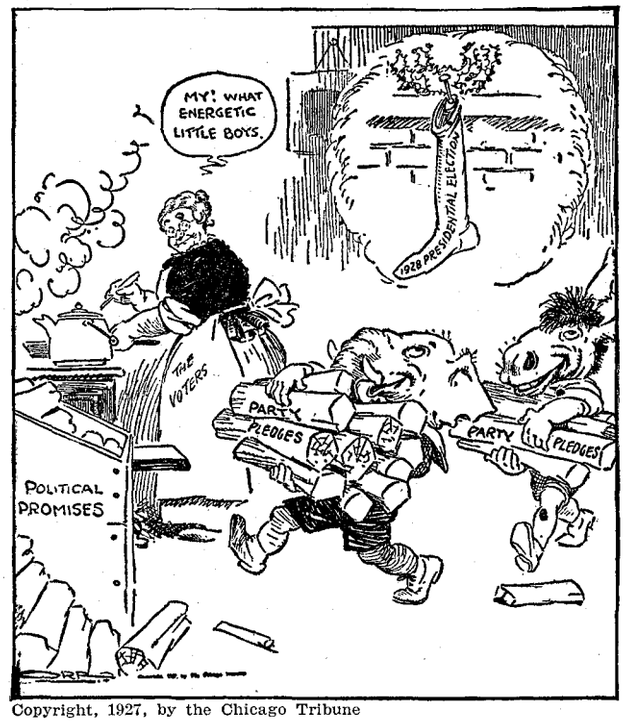
40826

Shoemaker in the Chicago News

The annual question is hard to explain

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Ill.

Orr in the Hartford Courant



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The busy season begins

From David H. Thompson, Hartford, Conn.

Weed in the New York Evening World

Copyright Press Publishing Co. (New York World), 1927

Lindy!

From Dora Albert, New York, N. Y.

Enright in the New York World

Sorry, but that's the way I do business

From Dora Albert, New York, N. Y.

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Education and the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys. He had made himself an authority on questions relating to alien property, veterans' problems, and internal revenue.

The son of a West Tennessee preacher, Mr. Jones began his active life as a West Tennessee school-teacher. He went to New Mexico as a teacher, but soon identified himself completely with the affairs of that State. Though he gave the greater part of his life to the practice of law, he served New Mexico in many capacities. Except as Senator, the only position that he ever held in Washington was that of First Assistant Secretary of the Interior for about a year at the beginning of the Wilson Administration.

Since Governor Dillon, of New Mexico, is a Republican, the death of Senator Jones will probably have the effect of giving the Republicans, for this session at least, the majority which, up to this time, they have lacked in the Seventieth Congress.

But his opponents, the Republicans, hardly less than his colleagues, the Democrats, will miss Jones of New Mexico in the Senate.

Airports for New York

SINCE Colonel Lindbergh called the flying-field at Mexico one of the most beautiful he had ever seen and superior to any that New York had, the metropolis and chief seaport of the United States can certainly be said to be behind the times in aviation. Indeed, New York City is much less aware of the progress made in air transportation than many an American city of moderate size. Of course, it suffers under the disadvantage of lack of open spaces near its business heart. Nevertheless it has been laggard in providing itself with adequate flying facilities.

Now a fact-finding committee, selected at the request of Secretary Hoover by the two States of New York and New Jersey, has reported recommendations for six airports in the New York-New Jersey metropolitan area. For this purpose it has divided this general area into six subsidiary areas. For one of the areas, what might be called the Wall Street-Brooklyn district, the committee recommends unanimously the use of Governor's Island. As those living at a distance from New York may not know, this island is a Federal military reservation lying in the upper bay close to Brooklyn and not far from the southern end of Manhattan. It has the advantage of being available for seaplanes as well as landplanes; but has the disadvantage of being situated so that those who land there can reach the business district of New York only by ferry. There is, however, no other place which the committee suggests for this district as even second choice.

There are two alternative sites suggested in the Jamaica Bay district, two alternative sites in Queens, two alternative sites in the Bronx, and in New Jersey two alternative sites on the Hackensack Meadows and one site near Newark Bay. Unfortunately, with respect to one of these subsidiary areas the choice of the committee is not unanimous. The Mayor of New York, Mr. Walker, apparently unwilling to assume any responsibility in the matter, has said that when the committee can agree on recommendations they can "be assured of speedy action on the part of the city of New York." When a committee of twenty-five is virtually unanimous with regard to the sites of five out of six areas, what more can the city authorities expect?

If Governor's Island is to be used for airport purposes, the United States will have to take some action; for at present Governor's Island is under the authority of the War Department and can be used in the way the committee proposes only with the consent either of the War Department or of Congress.

Secretary Hoover in a communication has said that adequate airport facilities for the New York metropolitan area are indispensable to the development of commercial aeronautics; and Mr. MacCracken, the Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aviation, has declared that travel by air in this country is going to be on a greater scale than anything ever dreamed of in Europe, and that after visiting more than half the States of the Union he found that the question in all localities, after local needs had been considered, was what New York proposed to do.

New York will have to make up for lost time if it is to be a great port of the air, as it is of the sea.

Uncle Sam, Bookkeeper

VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES has turned book reviewer. But, even in that capacity, his zeal flames for abolition of the cumbersome in Governmental affairs.

The book is "The National Budget System," by W. F. Willoughby, Director of the Institute of Government Research. Of that kind of writing General Dawes ought to be a competent reviewer. He was the first Director of the Budget.

The review took, largely, the form of what many will agree was a deserved attack upon Government bookkeeping and upon Comptroller-General McCarl for his failure to reform it. Bookkeeping methods in use in the Government, he said, "furnish little aid to the Executive or his agent, the Director of the Budget, in determining the relative operating efficiency and cost of the Departments. They operate also to keep Congress uninformed. The present system of Governmental bookkeeping would not be tolerated for a day in a properly conducted business enterprise."

Responsibility for this is placed squarely on the shoulders of the Comptroller-General. With the powers now in his hands, says Vice-President Dawes, "he could inaugurate a reform in the Governmental bookkeeping of the United States which would at once make it a model for the world. The changes thus far have been minor and comparatively inconsequential."

The Vice-President is not alone in believing that real efficiency in Washington would do more to save money than all of the pinching of appropriations, without efficiency, that can be done.

Yale Goes Over the Top

YALE'S Endowment Fund has surpassed the hope of completing the $20,000,000 asked for; it is already over-subscribed by $200,000, and the last word has not been said. Congratulations are due to the subscribing alumni and undergraduates, and to the finely organized body of men who carried on the drive, as well as to the University.

From the class of 1853 on to the class of 1927 and from students now on the rolls have come 20,000 responses to the request for $20,000,000. It is gratifying to note also that non-Yale men have contributed a tenth of the total.

Already, says President Angell, a marked improvement is seen in the morale of the teaching force, in the recognition of the facts that hereafter there will be adequate compensation, that enlarged plans for instruction are now under way, and that the future is definitely brighter and wider.

From the beginning the purpose of the Yale Fund has been for a finer, not a bigger Yale, for brains rather than for buildings. Dr. Angell restates this more formally when he says: "We can begin

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the process of paying to our teachers salaries more nearly commensurate with the cost of living. We can add competent new members to the staffs in undermanned departments and for the development of honors work; we can prepare to care properly for the library in its new home now building."

Yale's President is right in declaring that this is a vote of confidence in the American university as an institution.

Opening Up Africa

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Cecil Rhodes, who was a dreamer as well as an administrator, had a vision of a railroad from Cape Town to Cairo. He saw it "all red"—for red is the color of British territory on the maps. "This road," he said, "would cut Africa through the center and pick up trade on the way"—British trade, he meant.

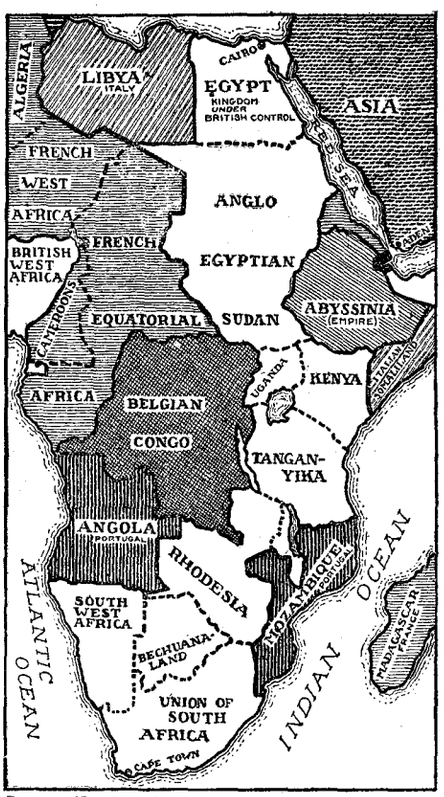
This little scheme involved a double steel track five thousand miles long through the heart of Africa. Part of it was built, but the "all red" idea was thwarted when Germany got concessions in Africa which cut the proposed line.

Now again we hear the cry, "From Cairo to Cape Town." But times have changed. The proposal now urged is for motor highways. The chief proponent of this plan just now is a South African millionaire who is always called Sir Abe Bailey. Not every one agrees with him, but many do. He wants, he says, a series of African highways, "linking up all the British possessions, opening the dark places of the Continent, feeding and fed by their tropical products and resources—the greatest and the most binding highways in the world."

As the map reproduced on this page shows, Great Britain now has dominion or control and influence over a strip of territory from north to south along the enormous length of eastern and central Africa. Crossroads would be as important as the main road. The development of motor trucks and open roads has been so enormous that there is nothing on the face of it impossible in this plan.

But hardly is the motor-road plan broached than in comes something more modern yet—a strong agitation for the establishing of air-roads, air surveys, and airplane stations all along this route. In fact, within a year, it is said, forty thousand square miles of virgin territory in Rhodesia alone has been surveyed. Sir Alan Cobham is now engaged in flights in a seaplane with the idea of finding out whether that is not the best way of air transport from the Mediterranean to Lake Victoria Nyanza by way of the Nile. Here, again, is the possibility of a through African route.

We used to talk a great deal about "darkest Africa," but when all the plans



Courtesy New York "Sun"

BRITAIN'S CAIRO-TO-CAPE HIGHWAY

The territory shown in white is under British control, giving a clear right of way from north to south

now on foot go through that continent will be no darker than its sister-continents.

Reclamation Politics in Flood Control

THE possibility that there is more politics in Mississippi flood control than has yet been introduced by the controversy over the apportionment of expenses, is suggested by the visit of an Amarillo, Texas, gentleman before the House Flood Control Committee demanding reclamation dams for the Texas Panhandle. As a matter of fact, besides dams, the visitor, one A. S. Stinnett, mentioned "levees, dikes, reforestation, water power, irrigation, and water supplies," and pointed figuratively to half a million acres of barren plains that could be brought into grain production along the South Canadian River alone.

The omens are portentous that the Texas gentleman is merely heading a procession. Between Montana and New Mexico literally hundreds of good-sized streams rise which eventually feed the Mississippi. If the object of flood control is to keep the waters of these streams from coming in flood into the main Mississippi tributaries, they must all be dammed somewhere—at least, all residents and land-sale promoters within irrigating range of their banks will be inclined to think so. Congress, therefore, seems morally, or perhaps not always quite morally, certain to be deluged by appeals that the only way to save New Orleans is to dam Lost Raccoon Creek.

What makes the situation dangerous is that there is so much practical political medicine in it. Dam and reservoir locations theoretically should be decided by competent engineering talent, and reclamation projects should be created in connection with them only where conditions are demonstrably favorable. But there is scarcely a county in the mountain States, or in the arid western portions of the plain States from North Dakota to Texas, whose inhabitants are not convinced that they would grow rich on reclamation and irrigation development if they could only get the Government to pay for the necessary construction.

The party which will promise the most constructing, or whose politicians are most successful in creating the impression that they can wheedle the necessary appropriations out of their party majority if it wins the next Congress, will have an inside track in carrying mountain and plains Congressional districts next year. In a close election such propaganda may have a decisive influence on the electoral vote of several mountain and plains States.

Since a far-flung Mississippi flood control program must eventually be sanctioned by Congress in any case, the natural tendency in the West will be for rival politicians and party organizations to bid against one another in offering these reclamation accessories. Some of them are unquestionably desirable. If the Government is to dam the Mississippi's head-waters in arid territory, it is economic common sense for it to make provision for the maximum of productive development from its expenses. But common sense flies out of the window when politics enters through the doorway.

Congress in a Presidential year will need an unusual amount of moral stam-

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ina and practical engineering advice to keep the reclamation side-show of flood control from degenerating into a scandal of waste and local favoritism.

China—Keep Out!

"WHAT—no more dinosaur eggs?" is naturally the first jocular question upon reading that a movement is under way among Chinese scientific organizations to oppose foreign expeditions aiming at research in natural history in China. But the matter is more serious than that.

Nearly every one knows the work that has been done by the American Museum of Natural History, under the direction of Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, in seeking for evidence of ancient man and prehistoric life in central Asia. Now what is involved, apparently, is an attempt to establish Chinese control of such activities. The shipment from China of scientific specimens discovered by archæological and other expeditions has recently been strictly limited, and research work there is being hampered both by the Peking Government and by the attitude of Chinese scientific bodies.

So marked has the tendency become that "Nature," the British scientific periodical, says in a recent issue:

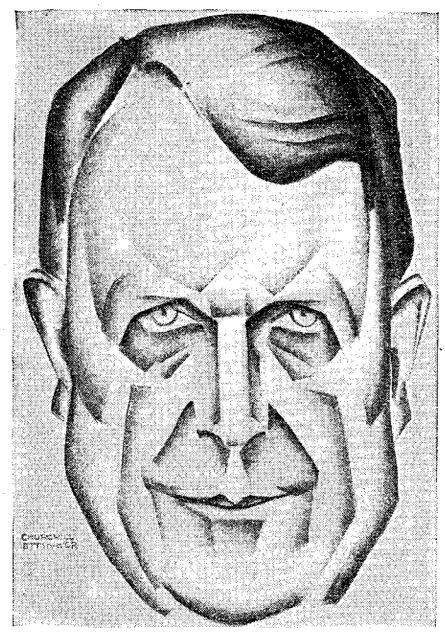
"In the spring of this year an article was circulated to the Chinese press by Kuo Wen, in which a joint statement was made on behalf of several Chinese scientific organizations in Peking, announcing the formation of a United Association to fight the efforts of various scientific expeditions to search for the remains of ancient man and other evidences of a palæontological and archæological character in China. This manifesto had special reference to Dr. Sven Hedin's journey into the desert region of western China, but it was also undoubtedly aimed at the expedition of the American Museum of Natural History. . . . Since then it has been decreed that no specimens of birds may be exported from China, and only three scientific specimens of any other species of animal or plant life. In view of the lack of museums or reference facilities in China, this decree will obviously greatly hamper identification and research. The later barring of Mongolia to the American expedition is ostensibly attributed to military and political reasons."

If what "Nature" describes becomes a settled policy, Western science may find itself facing a Great Wall in China which will effectively block exploration and research.

But even China's most unreasoning Nationalists must come to see that resisting scientific study is not a way to advance the position of China as a nation.

Probes in Washington

WASHINGTON went into the holiday season with two of its main excitements seething and the third sleeping. The Senate "slush fund" committee had done nothing about Senators-elect—if, really, they are elect—Smith and Vare, and probably will do nothing for some time after New Year's. But another Senate special committee kept quite busy up to the holiday recess with the Hearst-Mexican documents scandal, and the Sinclair-Burns contempt of court scandal was stirred and restirred under the nose of Justice Siddons.



William Randolph Hearst

The Hearst-Mexican investigation has not yet reached anywhere near the bottom of the mess. It has, however, revealed the apparent fact that for some time past official documents, like relics of the saints, have been on sale almost everywhere in Mexico and at whatever price the traffic would bear. It has not, however, proved anything as to whether the official documents bought by Hearst from Avila were genuine or spurious.

The contempt hearing, after bringing out the fact that the Burns operatives in Sinclair's employ did many things beyond mere shadowing of jurors, turned to charges of coercion against the District Attorney's office, and several circumstances were brought out which were not at all in accord with the ideal of a prosecutor's duties. They rested, however, almost wholly on the testimony of Juror Kidwell, who is said to have talked during the conspiracy trial of his expectation of owning an automobile as long as a trolley car. On this and other points his testimony has appeared somewhat contradictory.

Perhaps the truth in these investigations may be found even if the paths that lead to it are crooked.

Omens for Jackson Day

IF the Democratic nomination for President is not to go by default to Governor Smith, of New York, the Jackson Day dinner, which is to be held in Washington on January 12, may furnish some indication as to the rallying-point of the opposition. There is not at this time any such point; the dinner may supply it.

It is hardly conceivable that any of the more seasoned "possibilities" can say anything, publicly or privately, at a dinner that would start a substantial boom; but the inconceivable occurs in Democratic affairs. Then there are the "possibilities" who, from a political standpoint, are unseasoned. Nobody knows just what Presidential timber may have been lying in the log through these years when the party has been alternately in stagnation and chaos.

Not long ago Owen D. Young went to Alabama and made a speech, not political. So favorably did it impress those who heard it that a sizable Young-for-President boom, regional but real, appeared.

Young or some other—should we say Young and some others?—may make an equally favorable and wider-spread impression by what they say at the Jackson Day dinner.

Incidentally and aside, a race between Dawes and Young, the co-authors of the Dawes Plan, would furnish one of the most interesting spectacles that American politics has produced.

Of course, the dinner, and party prospects with it, may go up in fireworks. No Jackson Day dinner was held in 1924 because of the fear that the mixing of McAdoo and Smith would produce an explosion. As things turned out, the dinner might better have been held. The explosion was simply transferred to Madison Square Garden.

In 1920 a Jackson Day dinner was given—and no thinking man came away from it with any hope of success. William Jennings Bryan made a speech

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Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries

"PIONEER WOMAN"

The prize-winning statue of Bryant Baker

which amounted practically to serving notice that, while he would not bolt, he would do the characteristic Bryan stunt.

Not in recent years has the Jackson Day dinner served as a party stimulant. But it has traditional importance to Democrats and it furnishes, at least, an opportunity for party inspiration.

It is not always safe to assume that a donkey is dead because his ears are drooped.

A Statue for Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA has its share of notoriety as a State of political turmoil; but this is only a passing phase in a history that has its share of fine traditions. In Ponca City, Oklahoma, there is to be erected a monumental statue commemorating the women who established in the homes and wrought into the fabric of the State their own qualities of vigor, courage, and hope. To portray their qualities in the figure of a typical pioneer woman was the problem which Mr. E. W. Marland, of Ponca City, put before twelve sculptors of America. Of these twelve Mr. Bryant Baker, it has been decided, has solved the problem most successfully, and from his design will be modeled for erection at Ponca City the sculptural monument of the "Pioneer Woman." For making his choice Mr. Marland employed a novel method. He had the models submitted by the twelve sculptors exhibited at the Reinhardt Galleries in New York City, and then in Boston, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Detroit, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, Denver, Minneapolis, the Minnesota State Fair, Kansas City, the Dallas State Fair, Oklahoma City, Fort Worth, and Ponca City. At each of these places visitors were asked to vote for their first, second, and third choices. By these visitors—numbering all told, it was estimated, some three-quarters of a million—there were cast 123,000 votes. Mr. Baker's model received a plurality in eleven cities, with a total vote of 42,478. Less than five thousand below this total were the votes cast for John Gregory's statue of a pioneer woman with a child in her arms receiving a gun from her wounded and fallen husband. The winning model represents, not the pioneer woman after she has arrived and has been bent with toil and hardship, but the woman setting forth, buoyant, determined, equipped with her bundle and her Bible, and with her son at her side, the promise of the future.

In some particulars the finished monument will differ from the model, but not in essentials. When completed, it will stand thirty or more feet high. The park in which the monument will stand as well as the monument itself will be offered by Mr. Marland as a gift to the Nation.

In this tribute to the pioneer woman of the West, Oklahoma will have the distinction of being the first to pay artistic homage to one of the characteristic figures of American history.

Riots or Sports?

WE have had mass-meetings in New York to call for action by Secretary Kellogg on the anti-Jewish riots that have been taking place in Rumania and Hungary. Unruly students apparently have caused most of the trouble. A group of them in Rumania captured American attention by attacking Wilfred N. Keller, a citizen of the United States, in the hitherto unheard-of town of Oradia Mare. Result: protests by the American Minister; apologies by the Rumanian Government; expressions of regret by Premier Bratianu; and indignation meetings in America.

Keller seems to have provoked the students by running a publishing enterprise which criticised the Government and attacked the students for their anti-Semitism, and threatening that American war-ships would be called into action if he was hurt. That was a slightly exaggerated idea of his own importance. But the real difficulty lies in the fact that the students obviously have too few harmless ways of working off extra energy, and so take it out in the insanity of race prejudice.

Couldn't Secretary Kellogg send over Tad Jones to teach these Rumanian students football and baseball?

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Dr. Russell and the White Ant

AN airplane starts off from Long Island, New York. Its destination is Newfoundland—apparently. It disappears. After three days there is no sign of it. Was it nothing more than a chip flung to the gale? If an intelligence keener than man's could have known all the factors, could it have predicted precisely what happened? But were there not indeterminable factors? There were the wills of those on board—of the woman who owned the plane, of the radio operator and navigator, of the pilot, of the airplane expert. But were these wills, like the wind, the exploding gasoline, the beat of the fan blades, merely the products of other forces, and, like them, in turn helpless to change the current of a predetermined course?

A little girl in California is cruelly murdered. A youth, not yet of age, is captured and confesses. In planning and carrying out the crime was he really acting of his own free will? Or was he, as well as the dead girl, the victim of unfeeling, unswerving, forces? Did this murder lie foreordained in him at birth? Was it the inevitable consequence of the combination of his inheritance and his environment? Was he but the boulder that, rolling down the mountainside, indifferently strikes tree or human being, felling the one or blotting out the other? Is the operation of the criminal law itself only the unyielding cliff against which this life is flung?

Maeterlinck looks at the civilization of those little creatures called termites, and sees in it the possible picture of what humanity may become. In his small volume, "The Life of the White Ant," a book that is likely to survive when the best-sellers of the day are forgotten, the record of what a poetic mind finds and shrinks from in one branch of modern science, in some passages a modern version of ancient Ecclesiastes, Maeterlinck describes a social organization that, taking no account of each individual, has produced a race of beings with a record of achievement in many respects far beyond any attained by human beings. This society of termites is an absolute communism—horrible but inconceivably efficient. It can produce workers, soldiers, females, as they are needed. It has created a habit of utter self-sacrifice in the interest of the group. It is devastating in its destructiveness; but, in spite of blindness, of enemies, of obstacles that would be the despair of mankind, it has perpetuated the race. And Maeterlinck asks if this is what mankind will be compelled to come to. Will the same forces that have brought these wretched creatures to their perfection, to their government by the spirit of the termitary, to a veritable soviet, that devours its queen, produces as soldiers monsters incapable of eating, devoid of sex, and fit only for war, martyrs its adult males, and proceeds by what can only be called collective cruelty—will these same forces drive mankind to a like end? What difference is there between the instincts of the termite and the intelligence of man? If there is a difference, is it not all in favor of the termite's instinct and to the discredit of man's intelligence? And where in either is there place for spiritual freedom? Are not man and the termite alike a product of impersonal force? Are right and wrong, crime and good citizenship, fidelity and infidelity, and all the other terms indicating moral distinction, mere words without any corresponding reality?

Religion has had its answers to these questions; but many ears, keen to listen to what science has to say, are deaf to the voice of religion. Philosophy has had its answers; but many minds, accustomed to think in terms of science, find philosophy vague or confusing. It is science that has raised such questions; has science any answer?

Henry Norris Russell, Professor and Director of the Observatory at Princeton and Research Associate at the Mount Wilson Observatory, who is widely regarded as the peer of any American astronomer today, has given an answer to such questions in his book entitled "Fate and Freedom." Dr. Russell is himself a believer in the mechanistic view of the universe—or at least believes that the mechanists have the better of the argument. The branch of science in which he has attained eminence has proved itself a science by its ability to predict. Dr. Russell applies his habit of scientific thinking to the problem of human freedom.

It is impossible to give his answer adequately in brief space. For his answer as he makes it we refer readers to his book—which they will find both compact and readable. But his answer can be outlined.

The mechanical engineer, Dr. Russell says, regards steam in a cylinder as an invisible fluid exerting pressure. Upon its properties as a fluid he bases his calculations for the building of engines which actually work as he expects them to work. To deny that steam exerts pressure is to discard the evidence of the senses as it is scientifically measured. Yet the physicist tells us that steam is not a continuous fluid filling the cylinder, but is a multitude of molecules occupying but a fraction of one per cent of the volume of the cylinder, and that these molecules are incompressible. The pressure is therefore but a figment of the imagination. The impact of these molecules, in their violent dance, is not even uniform. But the physicist goes further. These molecules themselves are but combinations of atoms, as the chemist says; and the atoms in turn are but systems each made up of a nucleus surrounded by electrons. And, for all we know, the electrons are structures made up of still more minute constituents. But all this does not make the atom, or molecule, or the pressure of fluid, unreal. These are what he calls "statistical properties," and are for the purposes of the physicist, and chemist, and engineer very real; and to deny them reality would be to substitute the irrelevant for the matter in hand. For example, there is no such thing as the temperature of an atom or of a molecule. Temperature is a "statistical property." So this conception of statistical properties requires what Dr. Russell calls "levels of interpretation." The level of interpretation of a mechanical engineer is very different from that of the physicist. And above the levels of physical science are other levels. It would be as idle to deal with human behavior on the level of atoms and electrons as it would be to deal on that level with pressure in a cylinder. Suppose we admit that human behavior is theoretically predictable by archangels in intellect; it is—except sometimes in the average—quite unpredictable practically. On the level of interpretation of human behavior, freedom is as necessary a concept as is pressure or temperature on the level of mechanical engineering. The solid rock, to the student of atomic structure, is an assemblage of isolated particles. Which is the illusion; which the reality?

"This much at least we may say," writes Dr. Russell. "If our personal freedom and responsibility are illusions, so is the blue sky above us and the solid earth beneath our feet. . . . Our freedom is, at the least, as sure as sunrise, as solid as rock, as immovable as the everlasting hills; and need we ask more?"

Alike to those who fear science as destructive of the human spirit and to those who have been captured by some outpost

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of science without being trained in the habit of scientific thinking we commend this book of Dr. Russell's. It may help the reader of open mind to understand how a man of science can also be a man of faith. At least it gives one scientist's answer to the question every one some time asks himself, Am I just a passive speck of dust, as devoid of choice as the wind that tosses me about, or am I captain of my soul?

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

The Army-Navy Football Break

FOOTBALL has finally reached the Congress of the United States.

It is a long and wearisome trail this sport has traveled. In early November, 1869, twenty-five young men of Princeton came to New Brunswick and there met a group of Rutgers students in the first game of intercollegiate football in history. The Princeton men arrived in the morning, and the two teams together discussed the rules to govern play and agreed on them; and that afternoon, watched by a few curious onlookers, they went out and played the game. Rutgers won; but a week later the Rutgers men went to Princeton, and there, playing under rules which Princeton fancied, were defeated. Today two other institutions failed to reach an agreement to meet each other in football during the coming year. Word of the failure is flashed by wire over the entire country; it is posted on the bulletin-boards of ships at sea; indignant people write to the newspapers and want to know by what right they are to be deprived of their annual spectacle; admirals and generals and hundreds of lesser officers exchange letters and ultimatums. Finally, Mr. Britten, of Illinois, and Mr. Hamilton Fish, of New York, propose that Congress take the matter up and put the whole thing to a vote. At no time have the desires of the players or of the undergraduate bodies been consulted.

Of these two institutions the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, wishes to confine the game to players who have had no more than three years of 'varsity play; while the United States Military Academy, at West Point, insists on allowing any cadet to play whose standing permits him to represent the Academy—no matter what his previous experience on college teams may have been. One of the Army players was playing on a college team seven years ago when one of his opponents this year was twelve years old. The arguments pro and con need not be rehearsed here. More important than any of them is the larger question which this break has raised.

Is football a game, or is it some National ritual for the benefit of the spectators and the country at large?

If it is to be made a ritual, a sort of National institution, then, by all means, let the taxpayers have their say and let Congress make laws for it. Let us not, then, pretend that it is a sport conducted for the benefit of those who play it or even for the benefit of the undergraduates who are represented by the team. By all means, then, let the players be treated as priests of a religious ceremony or as gladiators to amuse the populace while awaiting the more serious business of war.

But if football is a sport, let the taxpayer and Congress keep hands off. Let it be encouraged as a good developer of the combative spirit that is essential in men under military and naval training, but let the undergraduates themselves decide how it shall be regulated. If they cannot be trusted with their sports, they are not worth the training that the Nation gives them.

Lays for Stewards

IN the old whaling days the crews of the whalers were paid according to a system of "lays." A "lay" consisted of a prearranged proportion of the earnings made by the ship on its voyage. Harpooners, of course, got a larger lay than cabin boys, and the captains than either. It was an attempt to apportion reward to deserts—in due moderation.

It has occurred to us that this old system of profit-sharing might be easily and comfortably applied to our modern passenger liners.

It is not exclusively the novice in traveling who is embarrassed and disturbed over the proper size of the fee to give his deck, cabin, or dining-saloon steward. As a voyage ends, there are always whispered conferences among passengers as to the propriety or necessity of five dollars here, or ten dollars there. Many a passenger has walked down the gangplank with the uncomfortable feeling that he has been foolishly generous or unkindly parsimonious. As long as it is the custom at sea for passengers to pay part of the crew's wages this feeling of discomfort will doubtless remain.

If the system of fees could be standardized or made a definite charge, this feeling of discomfort might be largely removed. A standardized fee system, with a definite charge for the passengers and a definite reward to appropriate members of the crew, would work out to the advantage of both.

In some parts of the Continent the hotels are adopting a regular surcharge for service, and in the better-run hotels using this system the need for personal feeling has been practically eliminated. The traveler knows when he takes his room that ten per cent will be added for service, and that will be the limit that is expected of him. Why could not a similar percentage be added to the cost of steamship tickets and the whole amount divided into "lays" for the men who do so much to add to the ease of voyages? Such lays might be increased in size with length of service, thereby tending to stabilize employment at sea through reward for faithfulness and experience. Under such system, there would be no need for dining-saloon stewards to "whack up" with the force in the galley, and passengers with ungenerous stewards would not have to suffer in the form of cold and tardy dishes for neglect meted out to the man behind the galley stove.

Such a proposal as we have outlined would doubtless have to be adopted by the larger steamship companies acting in concert. We commend it to their study and consideration.

P. S.—There is an old story from the wharves of New Bedford which it might be well to report as a warning to stewards should their employers adopt the suggestion we have made.

In the olden days when a greenhorn shipped on a whaler (and many of the men who shipped on whalers were greenhorns from the backwoods) he was offered, let us say, a lay of one-two-hundredth of the profits of a voyage. If he objected to the smallness of his share, the captain would reply, "Well, if one-two-hundredth isn't enough, how about one-two-hundredth-and-fiftieth?" They say that many boys were tripped up in this way by their unfamiliarity with fractions. We doubt, however, if Atlantic or Pacific stewards could be caught by such a simple trick.

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I'm Glad I'm Not a College Man

As told to J. GEORGE FREDERICK

THERE is a big load off my mind: I have decided that I am not going to college.

For four years this question has troubled me as well as my parents, and I was never without a depressing feeling that I might be making a mistake whichever way I chose. There is great relief in making up one's mind definitely.

My parents are hard-working people with very little surplus money, and I am very glad that this is so. If I had been the typical son of well-to-do parents, I would have been shot through the standard groove from prep school to college with hardly an interval to think. As I now know, our system of education is really built for those well-to-do sons, and for the most part it turns them out as standardized as though cut with a cookie cutter. Prep school and college constitute for such sons and daughters a kind of social club, and what they keenly desire in going there is not education, but social contacts. How many, many times I have heard it said that the acquaintances one makes at school are very important to one's success!

THE story of how I was cured of my college idea may interest you. In prep school I followed the usual nonchalant "system" of the young fellows there, taking study very lightly indeed, and developing very much more expensive habits than I had ever known before. I utterly despised the clothes I wore when I went there, and did not dream of wearing any others but those from the same tailors my chums patronized. Located in New Jersey, not far from Princeton, this prep school gave us youngsters frequent contact with college life, and, of course, all our outlooks and standards were based upon expectations of going there. Our thoughts, our talk, our dreams, were all of football, dances, and good times. My first arrest of thought came when my father flatly told me that he could not afford to send me to Princeton, and that I would have to help work my way through whatever college we chose. I developed resentment against my father for not permitting me to follow the smooth groove my chums were to follow, and this resentment turned to bitterness when hard times in my father's business made him decide that I could not even go to any college for a year after I came from prep school. He regretfully told me that I would have to work for a year to help save money toward college expenses. This was gall and wormwood to me, for I recalled how we fellows had looked down socially on the fellows who had to wait on tables at school to help pay their way.

So it happened that quite unwillingly I stepped out into the workaday world, which I had learned to regard as something utterly uninteresting and dreary. I suffered a great deal in self-pity when I met my school chums or read their care-free, jolly letters, telling of the good times they were having at Princeton. I did not seem to be able to pick any kind of work that interested me. It all looked drearily alike to me. I was interested in only one thing very definitely —automobiles. My great ambition was to own a fast car in which to take out my girl friends. I despised the cheap little car the family owned. From this you will see that I was certainly a snob of the first water in those days, and I wish my father had told me a few stern, homely truths about myself.

If I was to go to work, I decided that I wanted to work among automobiles. Of course, I had the simpleton's idea that all I need do would be to pick the company I wanted to work for, and I would forthwith be given a nice neat job. To my astonishment and dismay, the only job open in the company making an expensive car which I first approached was a garage helper's job. I left somewhat in disdain, but, after making the round of a number of other companies and finding nothing open at all, I went back and took the job. Soon I developed the clean-hand, white-collar complex, and left it. Then started a round of various kinds of jobs which, one after the other, either disappointed, vexed, humbled, or tortured me. I bill-clerked, I sold behind a counter, I chauffeured, and even on a sudden impulse took a job with a railway company as a brakeman. For nine months this sort of thing went on, and then summer arrived; and, still restless, I asked my father if I could not take the summer months for a tour around the country, earning my way. I was seeking some vague adventure and thrill, and figured that if I was going to have to work in hot weather I wanted to be away from home seeing something of the world. My father wisely gave me permission, and for three months I went through the most remarkable grilling that I have ever known. Bear in mind that up to this time some one had always paid my board, looked after my laundry, and provided a roof over my head, no matter what I did. But during those three months I had to buy every single thing I used and besides pay for any traveling I did. I got into Detroit, with my eye on the big automobile factories there, but at a time when there was an automobile slump. There was little work to be had, and before I could get out of that town I had to wash dishes in a restaurant. It was the only job I could find in three days' search. I got even farther "down" before my three months were up, and slept more than once in a police station or municipal lodging-house. I will frankly say that those three months taught me more than any school could ever teach me.

For some weeks I worked in a small college town, and just about the time I went to work, cutting across the college campus, I would see the young men and young women go to their classes, and it made my heart ache. But I now realize that what made my heart ache was the good times I imagined those students were having and not the learning which they were acquiring. I still had the "good times" student complex.

When I came back, fully expecting that I would now go to college—even though I had saved only $110 out of one year's effort—I was faced by the fact that my father's health was definitely failing. His health was so poor that he became a liability rather than an asset, for he had several expensive operations. If I was to go to college now, it would have to be "on my own."

SOMEHOW this quite changed my attitude toward a college education. Instead of desiring it now as a kind of pleasant experience, the fact that my own earnings would have to be spent for it compelled me to ask many whys and wherefores which I had never asked before. I had learned what a dollar rep-

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resented. What would I do with a college education when I had it? Did I need it? Was I the kind of a man who could get value from a college education? Did I really know what I wanted from college?

I remember well, however, the spirit with which I set out to find a job. I felt cheated and out of sorts with the world, and I hated the waiting in anterooms with a lot of other applicants, whom I felt were beneath me. I was humiliated when I was turned down. I was pretty soft.

I got a job at last with an automobile dealer, selling a make of automobile I particularly liked. I developed a little interest, although I certainly couldn't have been worth much as an employee. I tired of it quickly, and got a job as a combination salesman and service man with an automobile supply company.

ONE day I went to hear an address by a prominent business man, and he painted such an intricate picture of modern high-speed business, showing how the old rough-and-ready methods were no longer effective, that I became panic-stricken. I decided that I must go to college. This speaker said men who didn't go to college got along faster at the start, but they didn't climb so far as college graduates. It was a telling argument. I went home, tossed in bed half the night, and, not being able to sleep, got up and took a long walk through the deserted streets; a bitterly cold night, I remember. I went to bed on the decision that I must resign at once and go to college. I had $1,200 saved.

The next morning when I went to business, all set to write out my resignation, there were several telegrams on my desk calling for quick and lively action. I forgot all about the resignation until lunch time. And then I couldn't bear the thought. I discovered that I loved my job.

By this time I was on the sales staff of a manufacturing company making automobile accessories. I have a lively social temperament, and selling seemed to fit me. The firm thought very well of me, and I couldn't hope for a better outlook. I had discovered that New York has at least half a dozen places where I could get, at night, a good course of education in salesmanship and sales management, and I had taken one of these courses already. Also I was reading a lot—especially after I read the statement of a college professor that college can do very little more, anyhow, than direct a man's reading.

More and more I am convinced that college is not for a man of my temperament, and I am very well aware that if I had followed my chums to Princeton I would neither have taken my studies seriously nor developed my talents (such as they are) as effectively as at present. And, what is more, I would have acquired some very serious handicaps in point of view and habit. Several times in the last year I have read statements from college presidents, themselves, flatly stating that too many young men go to college nowadays, and that most of them would be better off if they went to work. In fact, it was another statement by the President of Harvard University on this subject which finally clinched my decision. I learn best by actual contact with people and tasks, and I am too easily led not to fall a prey to some of the idling tendencies of college. It is a sheer piece of luck for me that my father was not a wealthy man. I am amazed when some of my chums come to see me now to note the comparative emptiness of their brains compared with the mental interest, the discipline, the judgment, and the sense of responsibility which I have developed since I began to work.

AS it stands, I have a darn good chance to become a sales manager and vice-president of our little corporation inside of five or eight years. The president, who likes me, says he banks on me to "make the grade." I want you to know that this puts a fine lot of punch and balance into my mind, not to say happiness, because—well, you know—there is already a girl in the offing. Certainly this marrying business for a young man is another thing that makes a college education dubious in these days—for certain types of men like myself. I am going to be able to marry in four or five years; which would be just about the time, if I had gone to college, when I would come out of the fog and realize that life had some hard work in it, and that I must have a specialized training and the ambition to apply it. Last year some of my chums graduated, and, while one or two of them I know are going to make a mark for themselves, because they began early to specialize, most of the others are drifting; many of them going into bond houses to sell bonds to some of the social acquaintances they made in college. This is the limit of their understanding of a career and the value of a college education!

Some of these friends, after graduation, have come to my firm for a job. Two of them were hired on my suggestion, and proved to be the most gosh-awful flivvers. They simply would not work, and drove me crazy wanting to make our office into a kind of a lounging, smoking, talking place as we used to make our room at prep school. If I remonstrated with them, they would "kid" me. I was ashamed of them, and it will be thumbs down henceforth on all school friends of mine applying for a job. It is incredible to me how they still think life is a kind of a campus picnic; and everybody is either a "good egg" or a "bad egg," according to his willingness to take life as a joke. In justice to my old chum Ted, however, I will make one exception. He really did honestly try on the job we gave him; but he was so all-fired soft that the poor fellow went quite to pieces when we put him out in the field selling. The working alone, the bad food in small hotels, the all-day facing of sales resistance, broke quickly through his flimsy stamina. He honestly wished to go through the work-mill and become a real he-man, but he couldn't. He left, all broken up, to go back to papa and mamma in St. Louis, where no doubt he will be given a soft berth in papa's profitable business. What a crime it is to let a man rot like that in college! He might have been saved if he had gone to work when I did; but the chances are that he will never be anything but a shadow of his father, who is a real, forceful captain of industry.

I DON'T want to be misunderstood; if I were cut out to be a professional man, or had engineering ambitions or a gift for some other intellectual pursuit, no doubt college would have been a good thing for me. But I don't want to be a lawyer, doctor, scientist, minister, writer, or college professor; therefore the sooner I get into contact with life and learn how to do things, the better, after seventeen or eighteen years of age. If I had been more studiously inclined, college might have been all right for me, because I would have carried away valuable knowledge. As it is, I am practically certain that I should have continued, like so many others, just to "skin through;" having precious little to show for four years on the credit side, but a lot of things to unlearn on the debit side. I believe in college men in business; but in college men *who have brought something out of college.*

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Attic Tales

Editorial Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

AT about the time these lines are read—if they are—the National Press Club of Washington will be moving into its magnificent new home, certain floors of the imposing new National Press Building—ten million dollars' worth of brick and stone and other things which, some time, somehow, is to become the property of the Club. The how of it is all perfectly clear, they say; but it has to do with the science of finance, which, to me, is the alias of mystery.

There is little doubt that every correspondent here will feel called upon to write of the Club's new home—for the reason, if for no other, that it is new.

A Washington correspondent must, by the terms of his tenure, write of new things. And yet, what that is genuinely worth while can be said of anything new? What, in a serious way, could one write of a new shoe? All that it has is shiny effrontery—and, perhaps, pinching power. But an old shoe! There is comedy. And tragedy. And that fringe of the essence of faith which is called superstition.

So of all things else. What is to be written of ships until they have plowed the waves? What, really, until they have sunk beneath the waves? What of sealing wax until, broken, it gives up its mystery? What of cabbages until they have become the concomitant of corned beef? What of kings until they have ruled or ruined?

What of a new club-house? Nothing but words. But of an old one—

These old quarters of the National Press Club of Washington are, it seems to me, what the quarters of a corps of writing geniuses ought to be. An attic on the large scale, it has all of that atmosphere which used to make great writers. In the summer it is hotter, I think, than any other place on earth. But other times it has its beauties, particularly when the snow beats upon its half-windows and blurs, just enough to make it glorious, the picture of La Fayette Square, the old bronze warriors at its corners standing black beneath white hats and ponchos. Or when in a flaming winter sky, the flagstaff of Arlington cutting its disc, the sun goes down beyond the Potomac.

In this attic once a war was fought—in a sense. And here, in a sense, a war was won.

It would be at twilight in the days of that terrible war winter that we would gather here, those of us whose duty it was to stay in Washington and try to keep the Government in touch with its country. Nothing was right; nothing could have been right, perhaps, when all the world was wrong. They were gloomy days. And the gloom was deeper here, I am sure, than it was in the camps. So we would come to the Club at twilight and, though there was no heart in us, try to hit upon a story that would put heart into the country.

We did our duty in that war, I think. Nearly always we did hit upon such a story. In our own poor way, I think we were heroes. I hope we have been forgiven if not all that we sent out was true. It was what we knew should be true—and what, by the mercy of God and the wisdom of Woodrow Wilson, came to be true.

ONCE I determined to send out a story "on my own." I submitted it only to Garrard Harris, late of the Birmingham "News," then of the Department of Commerce, and my closest companion in misery.

He advised me not to send it. When I asked for reasons, he said, "It's sufficient reason that the papers will not print it." I said they would. He countered: "Well, do you think my old paper, the 'Register,' would touch it?" I thought it would. And he, losing patience, said: "Well, shoot it. And I'll bet you a hat it doesn't get printed." "In the 'Register'?" I inquired. "Yes," he agreed, "in the 'Register.'"

"I shot it."

The next day Garrard called me on the telephone.

"Dix," he said, "come down and get your hat. The 'Register' printed every word of your story; and if they've got any bigger type than they used in the headlines they are saving it for Gabriel's last trump."

WE used to relax, late at night, by playing dominoes.

It happened to be a Saturday night when, by some freak of luck, I annihilated Hamp Reynolds, who had to do with shipping. At a quarter to midnight we were on the last game, and, naturally, he was "playing 'em close to his vest"—as close as is possible in the nature of dominoes. Being winner, I could afford to hurry and to urge haste.

"Hurry up, Hamp," I implored; "it will be tomorrow the first thing you know."

He hauled out his watch, looked at it, solemnly shook his head. "Yes," he said, "it's worse than that—it will be next week in fifteen minutes," and calmly continued to debate with himself the relative merits of making twenty-five or of "sewing up the game."

PEOPLE used to come, just as they did to the soldiers in the camps, to cheer us up by talking to us.

A traveling person was lecturing one night on jungle thrills and the like. Henry Eland, of the "Wall Street Journal," and Arthur Krock, of—I have forgotten whether he was then on the Louisville "Courier-Journal" or the New York "World"—happened to be sitting together.

The lecturer told of something that made a noise "like a bull eland."

Laughed Krock, "Harry, just what kind of noise does a bull eland make?"

Flashed Eland, "Much like an empty Krock."

SOME of us sometimes wrote things not, strictly speaking, involved in winning the war.

It was shortly after Christmas of that winter that John Wilbur Jenkins, who had the Navy on his hands, appealed for help. "I've got to write a speech," he explained, "for one of these United States Senators, to be delivered on Robert E. Lee's birthday. And I want to read some Lee poetry."

I told him that, in my opinion, there were only two genuinely worth-while poems on Lee. "One of them," I said, "is Father Ryan's 'The Sword of Lee.' The other is called 'Lee at Lexington.' It was written ten or twelve years ago by a young newspaper man whose name I have forgotten. But I have the poem in a scrap-book somewhere. I'll find it for you."

(*Continued on page 31*)

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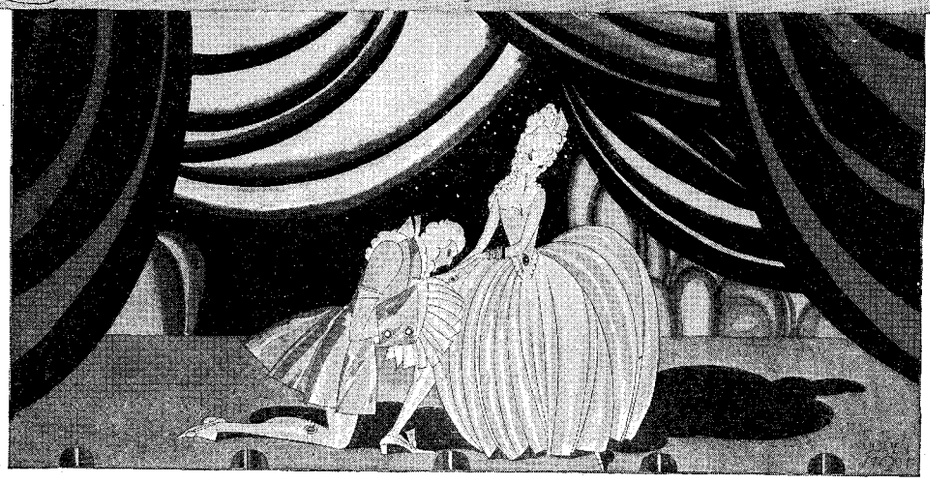
Lights Down



A Review of the Stage

ALMOST every one who remembers "The First Year" or has a faint memory of a certain shipping clerk in "Bought and Paid For" will have a soft spot in his heart for Frank Craven. A genuine human being, with a genuine talent.

Which makes it all the more disappointing to have to report that an evening spent at his latest play, "The Nineteenth Hole," will be only an average evening.

Indeed, we shouldn't be surprised if Mr. Craven himself entertains some such idea. Else why the moving pictures—between acts—of Walter Hagen, Bobby Jones, Tommy Armour, and the crowds that follow the tournaments? Why the efforts of Mr. Grantland Rice to reiterate that golf has become a game for the MILLIONS?

Perhaps these things make it possible for people who know nothing of golf to get more enjoyment from the play than would otherwise be the case. But the impression remains that all the ancient and honorable game can be made to contribute to any play Mr. Craven has made it contribute to "The Nineteenth Hole"—which, as most golfers will suspect, refers both to that genial moment in the lic (Pardon) locker-room when the score cards are discussed and to that exciting moment when a match is all even at the eighteenth green and has to be carried beyond for a decision.

For the locker-room itself is shown, with all its familiar accompaniments of B. V. D.'S, set-ups, and shower-baths (in the distance), and its occasional telephone calls from irritated wives of members. And the climax of the plot is when Mr. Vernon Chase, writer on academic subjects—and previously unaware of golf—is forced, in the last act, to play the club bully for a large sum of money, plus his club memberships; and the match runs across the eighteenth green to another hole.

All this is funny—of course. And unquestionably a bona fide part of the American scene. But it is thin, nevertheless, and meager; and with the precise emotional paucity of which golf widows complain.

Certainly there is in it none of the beauty of the golf links themselves—no cool tees high in the woods, nor shady greens beside ponds, nor stretching shadows on the turf. No pine trees beside the sea. No autumnal shafts of russet striking across the fading fairways; no winds shaking the rough.

To many a golfer these things far transcend the competitive thrill involved. But they do not seem to exist in the mind of the characters in "The Nineteenth Hole;" or at least they do not appear in the dialogue, although the producer has tried to suggest them in the scenery. Somehow, in some curious fashion, although Mr. Craven is admittedly a golf enthusiast, the glamour of golf has eluded him in his play, and only the humor remains—with touches of truth inimitably done.

Was that perfect tee shot an accident? Or can you get it again? And can you remember this afternoon to keep your head down? Your left arm now—well, we all know these touches; they are almost unbearably real to the true golfer. The patter, too. Is it going to rain? I certainly need the exercise! I will work tonight instead. All fives today! Don't press! Eye on the ball—stop that body sway! And remember, not too tight a grip with the left hand. Oh, yes, we all know it.

And yet — a painful suspicion intrudes.

Is the glamour of golf, by any chance, merely the dream of the optimist, as well as a method of escaping from the emotional realities of life?

Certainly, Mr. Craven makes out a good case for this point of view. The ordinary American golf husband is a small boy, says "The Nineteenth Hole," in effect; a boy ruled by his wife and mothered by his wife, and in general unable to dominate his woman or even fight for his own independence, except under extraordinary circumstances such as when he feels he may be losing caste with his fellows.

When thus aroused, he is rather a lion-like chap—but only for a moment. Just a flash in the pan. In the end he comes to heel again, and the wives write the Armistice terms and conclude the Treaty of Peace.

As a picture of the successful, dominant American business man—the Man who does Big Things in a Big Way—the play must be a most depressing one for women who think, because there is enough truth in Craven's picture to enable him to be funny about it. And it isn't just his likable simpleton alone who fits the picture. The number of American men who do fit it runs into millions. In fact, as a satire on American life, as it shows itself in our country clubs, the play could easily have been made into a kind of Main Street of the golf links.

As it is, in its present form, it presents only the sad and yet ever-pleasurable spectacle of another good man spoiled by golf—and in this case the playwright himself. For his show itself is all golf and no drama.

No, no, Mr. Craven! Not in the theatre.

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Tell Me a Story

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

IN our family of eight the happiest ceremony of the day was climbing into bed and calling for father to come tell us a story. The favorite of all was "The Little Mouse." Not only we, but countless other children shivered and wept over the fate of James, recounted with all the dramatic realism of a ministerial talent.

For years "The Little Mouse" story remained a stark tragedy. But one day, when my father, sitting cozily in the hammock with his audience, had uttered the last dread words, the small girl looked up, her eyes streaming with tears.

"A-and h-he n-never saw his mother a-any more?" she gulped, staring into his face with horror.

"No," the reverend gentleman admitted guiltily, "he never saw his mother any more."

Without a word, the child rose and retired to another part of the grounds, absolutely refusing to speak to him or so much as look in his direction during the rest of his stay.

So my father decided that, after all, he had probably made a mistake, and that, in the end, James really— But read "The Little Mouse" aloud to some child and see.

The Little Mouse

As remembered by Harriet Eager Davis

THERE was once a mother-mouse who had two children, a boy named James and a girl named Sally. She was a poor widow who worked very hard,

IN almost every family there is one favorite story which is an unwritten classic. It is usually the invention of one of the parents, and is sometimes passed on with variations to each succeeding younger generation. In their way, these stories are like the folk-tales of the Negroes, which Joel Chandler Harris retold under the title of "Uncle Remus."

Each week in this department Harriet Eager Davis, whom many thousands of young people will remember as the editor of the "Little Delineator," will tell for our younger readers some one's favorite story. Incidentally, she will be glad to get from any Outlook reader who is interested the story he remembers from his own childhood. For we predict that the nursery grown-ups will not be the ones who least enjoy these tales.

but things kept getting worse and worse until at last one day there was nothing left in the house to eat.

So she took her son aside and said: "James, I have done my best, but somehow I just can't get along. There is no food for you and your little sister. James, I'm obliged to ask you to help me. I hate to send you away so young, but I want you to go out into the world and see what you can find."

Of course, James felt very proud to be trusted with such an important errand, and he promised to do his best.

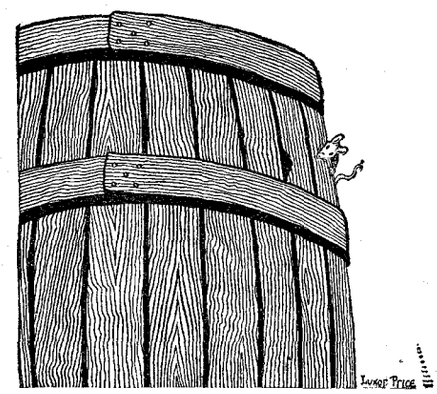
"But," said his mother, "remember this, James. When you find food, don't stop to eat it. Hurry straight home and tell Mother about it; then you and sister Sally and I can all go and eat together."

So James promised.

"Another thing, James, before we say good-by," said his mother. "Out in the world where you are going there is a terrible Thing. It has four legs and a great long tail and ears that stick up and big round eyes and terrible sharp teeth and claws that scratch. And there is nothing this Thing likes better than to catch a little mouse and eat it up. And that Thing is called a Cat. Now, James, I want you to promise me never to go near a Cat."

And James promised.

"But," said his mother, "there is something else out in the world, even



worse than a Cat. It has two legs and two long arms, and it is called a Boy. And whenever it sees a little mouse, somehow, somewhere, it will find a stone and throw it at the mouse. So be very careful, James, never to go near a Boy."

So James promised to remember everything his mother had said, and he kissed her and little sister good-by and started off.

But though he ran a long, long way, hunting here, there, and everywhere, not a scrap of food could he find, not even a crumb of bread nor a grain of corn. At last, when he was about ready to turn back, he came to a farmhouse, and out in the barn stood a big barrel.

James stopped and sniffed. "Um!" he thought; "something to eat here, sure," and he hunted all around the barrel until he found a tiny little hole. It was so small that if James had not been so thin from starving he could never have wiggled through. As it was, it was a tight squeeze, but at last he was inside the barrel.

And what do you suppose he saw? Corn. Hundreds and thousands of grains of corn. The barrel was full of corn!

James forgot all about mother and little sister waiting at home; he forgot his

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mother's warnings; he forgot everything but how hungry he felt and how good that corn looked. He just sat down and ate and ate and ate, crunching the heart out of the kernels and throwing away the shucks, until he could eat no more. Then, tired with the exercise and the excitement, he fell fast asleep.

He woke up, hearing a rough voice call: "Hey, Bill, get me the hatchet. I'm going to open this barrel." And another voice answered, "All right, Father."

It was the farmer and his son coming to open the corn barrel.

Poor James! He remembered what his mother had said, and he ran to the hole. But he had grown so fat with eating that he couldn't squeeze through. The hole was too small. James tried to gnaw it larger, but there was no time.

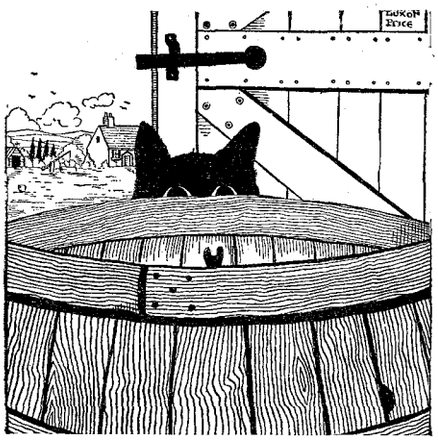
"Cr-rack!" went a terrible noise above his head. The farmer had split open the barrel. Poor James crouched in the corn, too frightened to move.

"Haw! haw!" laughed the farmer. "Bill, just look here! There's a mouse. Won't our tom-cat have a feast?" And then two big faces stared grinning down at the little mouse.

Poor James! He thought of his mother, waiting at home, he thought of sister Sally, he remembered what his mother had said; but it was too late.

"Oh, me!" he thought; "will I ever get home again? Will I ever see my mother and my little sister any more?"

"Go get old Tom," said the farmer, and in a minute the Boy was holding a terrible Thing over the top of the barrel. It had four legs and a great long tail, just as Mother had said, and ears that stuck up and big round eyes and terrible



sharp teeth and claws that scratched. And James knew that it liked nothing better than to catch a little mouse and eat it up.

As soon as the cat saw the mouse it gave a terrible "Mieow-w!" and tried to jump. But the Boy reached down one of his long arms and picked up James

and set him on the floor. James started to run, but pounce! the Cat brought his paw down, and he could not stir. Then old Tom lifted his paw.

"Ah," thought James, "here's my chance!" and he tried to run again. But the Cat was only playing with him. Pounce! he caught James under the other paw, and this time James felt something sharp. He remembered what Mother had said about claws.

Once more the Cat let go, and this time James ran all the way into the yard. But Tom caught him again in his mouth and tossed him about roughly, till James felt two rows of something sharp. He remembered what Mother had said about teeth.

He knew now that unless he found some way to escape the Cat was going to eat him up.

So the next time old Tom let go James ran and hid under a leaf. The Cat stopped and looked about, puzzled, then he began sniffing the ground. Trembling all over, James waited. If only the Cat would turn in the other direction, he could make a dash and get away. And then wouldn't he run home as fast as he could, back to Mother and little Sally!

Nearer and nearer came old Tom, sniffing, sniffing, sniffing; all of a sudden he lifted his head and came straight towards the leaf.

"Good-by, Mother," thought James. "Good-by, little sister," and he shut his eyes, waiting for the end.

Something picked him up, then he heard the Boy's voice cry: "S-scat! Get out!" and he opened his eyes to find he was in the Boy's hand.

"Look, Father," the Boy was saying, "wasn't he smart? He hid under a leaf. I think I'll keep him for a pet. S-scat! Get out!" he cried to old Tom, who was yowling and sniffing about, very angry at losing his dinner.

So the Boy dropped the little mouse into his pocket and walked away, whistling. There was a peanut there, but somehow James had lost his appetite. To be sure, he was saved from the terrible Cat, but what was this Boy going to do with him? Mother had said that Boys were worse than Cats. Oh, how he longed to see Mother again, and little sister Sally, and how he wished he had run straight home when he found the corn barrel, instead of sitting down and eating all alone so greedily!

It was dark, but James could see just as well as in the day, and suddenly he discovered something. There was a hole in the pocket—a hole the Boy's mother had forgotten to sew up. And this hole was just big enough for a mouse to slip

through. In a minute James had wiggled out and down the Boy's leg and away up the road before the Boy knew what had happened.

Oh, how good it felt to be free! James heard a shout, but he did not look back. He ran and ran and ran until he was out of breath, and at last he reached home, dead tired, but safe and sound.

There was Mother, looking terribly worried.

"Why, James," she cried, "where have you been all this time? I've been so worried—I thought the Cat had got you, or a Boy. Your little sister and I grew so tired waiting that we went out and hunted for ourselves, and look what we found!"

James looked, and there he saw a great pile of corn, enough to last Mother and Sally and James all the rest of the winter!

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Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

BIG NAVY PLANS at Washington do not seem to have greatly excited the other nations most concerned.

The King's speech closing the British Parliament — which, of course, means the views of the Prime Minister and his Cabinet, who have the monarch's address prepared for him— indicated that the naval policy of Great Britain will remain unchanged. Voicing regret that "it was impossible to reach a general agreement at the Geneva Naval Conference to limit the navies of Great Britain, Japan, and the United States," the address continued: "My Government has no intention of embarking on an increase in their naval building program, which is based upon a considered view of the defensive needs of my widespread empire."

In Japan neither the spokesmen of the navy nor the newspapers showed any concern. As a matter of fact, the Japanese interpreted the American building plan as a means of giving the United States something to bargain with in a future naval limitation conference.

After all, it is not the size of the navy that matters most—except to taxpayers —but the policies which it is to be used to maintain. So long as American policies are not aggressive, no American navy need alarm any one.

"WHAT do 'national honor' and 'vital interests' mean?" the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has been asking Secretary Kellogg, in connection with the question of renewal of the Root arbitration treaty with France. The treaty excludes cases affecting "national honor" and "vital interests." But every one knows what they mean. They are the phrases that leave a nation free to do what it pleases in unforeseen circumstances.

BOLSHEVISM is proving a boomerang which has knocked down lately several of the once most prominent Bolsheviks. Among them are Leon Trotsky and Gregory Zinoviev, now voted out of the Communist Party for disagreeing with the ruling majority.

The ludicrous paradox is that the doctrines which have led to their downfall are practically the same doctrines of labor dictatorship which swept them into prominence in the earlier days of the Revolution. But Soviet Russia has a new boss, Joseph Stalin, who seems to see the need of conciliating the masses of the peasants. They are far from being Communists or enthusiasts for an industrial dictatorship. Hence the disgrace of Trotsky and Zinoviev and their comrades.

Party loyalty is the chief Communist virtue, and expulsion from the party— as Stalin has said—is the severest penalty a Communist can suffer. Zinoviev, Kamenev, and ten other erstwhile leaders expelled as renegades from the party ranks have addressed to the party convention a humble plea for readmittance, promising full capitulation. They were referred to the Central Control Committee, which can readmit them in not less than six months.

Trotsky, more fortunately situated than the others, is said to be contributing from royalties on his books to an "Opposition Relief Fund" for dismissed Communists.

ONCE Commissar in charge of Soviet Posts and Telegraphs, Smirnov—an expelled "Opposition" Communist—applied for a job as a metal worker. The girl at the desk thought it was odd for a metal worker to have been employed in the Post Office, and asked what position he held there. "Commissar," said Smirnov. The girl ran out of the room screaming that there was a crazy man in her office. But Smirnov got a place at 180 rubles a month.

MUSSOLINI has put Italy's currency back on a gold-exchange basis at the rate of 19 lira to one dollar. That represents a value about one-fourth of what the lira was worth before the war, and in one sense it constitutes an indication of the effect of the war on Italy. At the same time, to have resumed the obligation to pay gold for the inflated paper currency, even at this depreciated rate, is a measure of the economic achievements of the Fascist dictatorship.

Whatever may be said of the high-handedness and oppressions of the "Black Shirts," it is doubtful in the extreme that any other party could have brought Italy back so soon to solvency on any basis. Italian stocks on world markets at once began to show the effect of the move by increases in value.

Financial interest in Europe now centers on the question whether France will follow suit. But the franc has been fixed on international exchanges by the Bank of France at a value considerably below that at which the lira has been stabilized. And France would neither like to stabilize her currency permanently at a lower rate—thus admitting unfavorable comparison with Italy—nor face the readjustment of stabilization now at as high a rate. So Premier Poincaré has cannily indicated that he will do nothing before the spring elections test the popular support for his economic policies. He has just induced his Parliament to adopt his balanced Budget.

DEMOCRACY suffered a bad setback in the World War, argues Edwin L. James, Paris correspondent of the New York "Times," who shows that two-thirds of the people of Europe now do not control their own affairs. But representative government is only one of various ways of making nations run—a way that suits some temperaments and is less essential to others, as the Bolsheviks and Fascists have been proving. And the decline of democracy just now is no demonstration that the relapse into dictatorship is permanent. In human affairs, that is the one thing you can be sure it is not.

GERMANY appears to be due for a thorough financial house-cleaning, as part of the necessary program of

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payment of war damages. Recently S. Parker Gilbert, the young American Agent-General for Reparation Payments, warned the Government at Berlin that borrowing and spending by the Federal states and municipalities should be curtailed. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, President of the Reichsbank, backed him up in the midst of a storm of political protest. Now organizations representing the whole system of German industry and commerce have joined in a manifesto urging centralized control of all Germany's economic and financial policies, including state and municipal expenditures.

When the Germans set out to do a thing, they do it thoroughly. And the influential groups back of this manifesto represent a power that has hardly failed since the war to secure application of any policies which it really desired. It may be expected, therefore, that these far-reaching proposals will go into effect. The evidence is that Germany proposes to give the Dawes Plan a full test.

CHRISTMAS *and New Year's greetings to Mussolini were barred this season by the Fascist dictator. His office was spared the task of receiving and destroying mountains of unopened telegrams. That is the advantage of having a government telegraph system which does not have to be considered.*

BEING A BOY SULTAN in Morocco is better than the adventures of Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer. Moulay Mohammed, fourteen years old, was chosen above two older brothers to succeed his father, the late Moulay Yussef. Incidentally, part of the reason for this decision by the College of Ulemas, which proclaims the heir to the throne, was political, for the sovereignty of a minor will tend to enhance the influence of the French Resident-General over this protectorate of France.

Heavy rains, a sign of good fortune in Morocco, greeted Moulay Mohammed as he entered his capital. The Grand Vizier, a white-haired statesman who attended his father and grandfather, steadied his stirrup as he mounted his white Arabian steed. Four huge blacks held over his head the sacred red umbrella, symbol of royalty. And the new Sultan delighted everybody by ordering his father's favorite, the majordomo of the Imperial household, whom he and all the staff disliked, thrown bodily out of the palace.

Nearer the Grass Roots

(*Continued from page 4*)

wisely, to make some arrangement with Mr. Lincoln so he could pay his water bill without the meter. It is to be sent back to live among its own kind. We are quite sure every one will be happier when the poor thing is gone.—BUCK FEVER.

This kind of writing is giving our papers a humorous turn that seems to be tremendously liked by our subscribers; and, while it may be somewhat disastrous to my dignity as an author, I am not letting that bother me too much.

THE Buck Fever items have also started other people writing. The contributions—many of them surprisingly good—increase amazingly. I have an idea that all such contributions take their tone largely from the tone of the paper.

The two papers are of two political faiths, one Republican and the other Democratic; and I am handling this problem by letting the local Republican leader handle and write all the political matter for the Republican paper, while the columns of the Democratic paper I am opening to the political leaders of that party.

As you know, Virginia is a strongly Democratic State. National politics do not cut much figure. However, in Southwest Virginia, where my town of Marion is located, the parties are pretty evenly divided and the county political fights are hot. I have not been through one yet. It may be when I have I shall have another story to tell.

I do expect, however, to escape this part of my responsibility of editorship largely because I am not myself a politically minded man. And then, I have always been a lucky man.

And there is Buck.

I have no desire to reform any one and have nailed no program of reform to my editorial masthead. I believe, however, there may be an opportunity for as good writing in weekly newspapers of this kind as in the magazines or in books. We are never hurried. Our weekly newspapers do not have a deadline. If we do not get ready to go to press on Thursday, we go to press on Friday or Saturday. It is all one to us, and, as far as I know, all one to our readers.

As you see, I have got myself into this local weekly publishing business, first, because I want to make a living at something outside of my writing; and, second, because I want to keep busy.

It seems to me, after being at it for but a month, that it is the most fun of anything I have ever done in my life. I do not see why more writers do not get at it. Surely, this business of grinding out stories for the magazines or trying to write books that will bring in an income sufficient to live upon is dreary enough. It seems to me that it leads inevitably to hack writing. Already, in the three years that I have been here in these Virginia hills and before I came to these papers, I had begun to feel the curse of the hack writer alighting on me.

Having written a novel, I began to think at once that I would have to get busy and write another for the next year's market. I would starve if I didn't. All of my work began to be hurried. If I had kept that up, I would soon have begun to hate the only craft I knew. It is a sad thing for a man when he no longer has stomach for the work by which he must live. And when I say live, I do not mean just bread and butter. I mean something a good deal more vital than that.

AND while I am on this subject of writing, I want to say that, in any event, some of the best writing we are getting nowadays is being done by the newspaper men. There are any number of newspaper writers, making no pretense of being writers at all, who are infinitely better at their trade than half of the men who make any amount of fuss and who have managed, by making a fuss, to build up the illusion that they are writing when they aren't at all.

I think any old newspaper man or any writer who has found himself in the position of the hack will have little difficulty in understanding my impulses in becoming the publisher and editor of these country weeklies. There isn't a great deal of money in it, but, if rightly handled, there is a living and an occupation that keeps a man busy without being hurried.

And, in addition, there is the tremendous advantage of being in close and constant touch with every phase of life in an American community every day of the year.

What could any writer ask more enticing than that?

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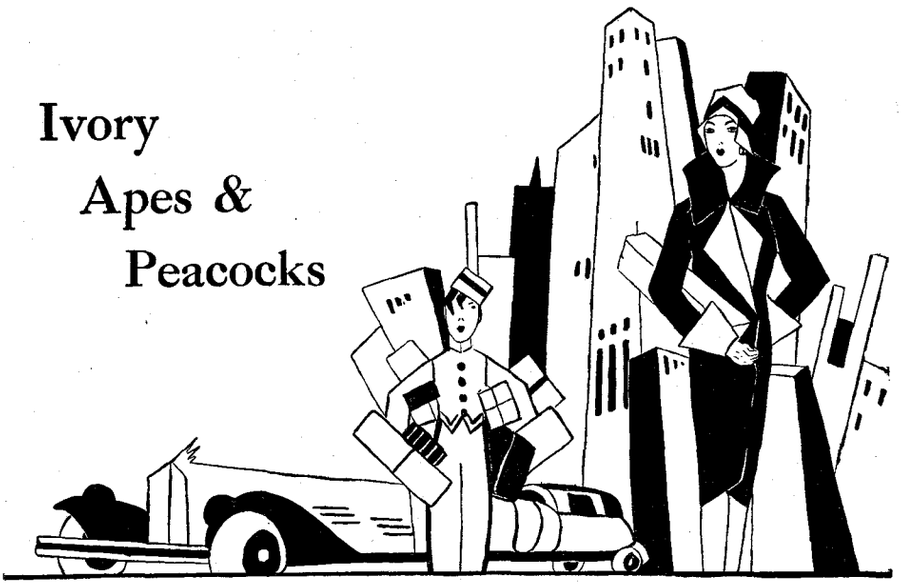
Ivory Apes & Peacocks



The Newest Contributions of American Genius to the Art of Living

THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

WE do not believe ourself to be overly skeptical, but we have never taken much stock in those advertisements that show the cellar as a sort of underground living-room, colorful and warm, with shaded lamps and satin cushions, and the furnace a beautifully polished magnificence, something like an overgrown Victrola, in the midst. We have tended one or two coal furnaces in our time. We know what comes off on your hand if you touch one. Our furnace-tending days are past, but we know that in any cellar which we when young did eagerly frequent a satin cushion would have lasted one turn of the grates. As for that man who in the advertising pages tends the furnace in a dinner coat—

Nevertheless, we do believe that with an oil-burning furnace the cellar might really become something better than a smoke and dust factory. Oil is clean. True, a badly regulated oil burner can turn out an amount of soot that would make an ordinary coal furnace green with jealousy. But there is no need to have a badly regulated burner.

THERE are, as we see it, two big arguments for oil heat. The first is cleanliness. There is always dust in a cellar, either from coal or from ashes, and it can't be confined to the cellar. It goes, more or less, into every room in the house. The second is the saving in labor. An oil furnace with an automatic control tends itself. No one has to shovel coal, take out ashes, or build fires. If you go away over the week-end, you can throttle it down and be sure that the house will be warm enough to keep the pipes from freezing.

Against these arguments balance the cost of installing. This may range from $450 to $1,200, according to the type of heater, the size of the storage-tank, and the various automatic features. Plenty of heaters are made which can be installed in existing heating plants.

The comparative cost of oil and coal heat seems not so easy to arrive at. From such researches as we have made into the subject, we believe that oil is always a little more expensive, but that varying conditions make it a different problem in each individual case. There is the cost of ash removal, the wages of furnace man, wear and tear on house and furnishings—a number of different factors which more or less enter in.

TWO objections which have been made to oil heaters are that they are noisy, and that there is an objectionable odor of oil. It seems to us that these are in most cases faults of regulation and adjustment. A properly installed heater should make no more noise than an electric fan.

Then there is the element of safety. No use installing a nice clean heater if it is likely to burn your house down. The Underwriters' Laboratories, maintained by the National Board of Underwriters, have tested and approved for safety various oil burners. The buyer of such a burner has the assurance that any features which might make oil heating a special hazard have been eliminated and that every reasonable safeguard has been provided.

IF the thought of oil heating has appealed to you at all, you can get a great deal of information from the Oil Heating Institute, which maintains offices in New York for the dissemination of information about oil heaters and for the education of the public. This Institute lists some twenty-eight heaters and will assist you to find one which fits your special requirements. The most important thing in choosing a heater is probably to select one made by a company which has a reasonable expectation of continuing in existence. You may buy the best heater in the world, but if the manufacturer goes out of business, the difficulty of getting repairs or satisfactory service will quickly discourage you with it.

The mechanical features of the heater are not of so much importance to you, though they are to the maker. All you want is clean and uniform heat—the responsibility for repair and maintenance rests with the dealer. If you have a heater which is adapted to your needs, and if you have bought it from a reliable firm, probably the less you know about the mechanical details the better. The really important thing is proper installation. That should be done by the manufacturer, or by some one whom he recommends. Care must be taken, too, that it is done in accord with local ordinances.

SOME people have been scared away from oil heat by the fear of a rise in the price of oil or of an exhaustion of the oil supplies. Nobody, of course, knows what the oil requirements of the next two or three decades may be. But consider coal. We bought coal at four fifty a ton not so many years back. This year we are paying about ten dollars more a ton. We don't like to talk about it. But there it is. And as for oil—improvements in production methods and the opening of new fields are more than keeping up with the increasing demand. Of course, no one can predict what conditions will be a generation ahead. But the earth may be struck by a comet tomorrow. What's the use of worrying about that? W. R. B.

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Life and Death and Giants

By IBBY HALL

THERE is a truck driver in New York who lives by a simple code. Not long ago, to his own dismay and anguish, he ran into an elderly woman who could not quite make the crossing. The law was nowhere about and nobody seemed much concerned.

So it was the truck driver alone who telephoned the hospital, summoned the ambulance, and brought help to his victim. Then he went home and waited for the hand of justice.

The next day his anxiety increased, and he telephoned to the hospital to learn how the old lady had fared. The answer was brief. She had died during the night from injuries received in an accident.

The truck driver was stunned. He waited for the hand of the law.

The days went by serenely. The accident could be counted by weeks. Still the truck driver expected that hand on his shoulder, and was uneasy at night because there was no touch there.

Three weeks passed by, and he felt that three weeks was plenty long enough.

The other day the truck driver appeared before a magistrate and offered himself to the mercy of the law, charging himself with manslaughter. The dumfounded magistrate apparently had nothing but sarcasm to offer.

"I suppose you'd even be willing to produce witnesses to the homicide."

But this man was too simple for subtleties and too straight for justice.

Yes, he had thought of that, too. Here were the names carefully listed—witnesses who had testified to his guilt.

It seems time for justice to build a new statue to that quality called Civic Virtue.

ONE day this winter a slight and shivering member of the family of bystanders was waiting on one of New York's cold corners. The traffic policeman was doing his best, but the long lines of vehicles had right of way and those on foot grew into a small crowd waiting to cross. Suddenly there was the screaming, thrilling shriek that the city knows so well—the siren of the fire-engine, that great bird that waits for no lines, no traffic, no signals.

LIFE, and death, and giants
Such as these, are still. . . .
Minor apparatus, hopper of the mill,
Beetle at the candle,
Or a fife's small fame,
Maintain by accident
That they proclaim.
—EMILY DICKINSON.

The bystander saw a man, one of those too hasty ones, who heard the cry a second too late. The bird was on him—or would have been except for one of those all-seeing blue-caps that patrol the streets.

It was only a second, soon lost in minutes and hours, but in that second two men looked at each other. The policeman knew what he had done, and the man knew what he had done. And there was a whole world of living and knowledge in that one straight look.

The engine was gone, the signal given, and the crowd poured over, dividing the two.

The bystander caught her breath and wondered how it could happen and be gone so quickly.

THIS is the time of needy cases and children who turn to charity organizations to find Santa Claus.

Among the thousands of stories of anguish made bare by the newspapers, there is one that creeps from under the heading of cases to the greater dignity of news. She is described by one newspaper as being only five feet tall, "but with a pride much taller." She is seventy years old, full of rheumatism, and cannot count the floors that have been scrubbed by her fingers. But she was preparing her lunch the other day when a neighbor dropped in. It was plain that she resented the interruption. "Lunch," she explained briefly. Then, as the neighbor's eye fell on the repast, which consisted of a cup of water slowly dissolving a small quantity of condensed milk, the five-foot little mite drew herself up with dignity.

"I'm not hungry," she explained.

The neighbor was sorry. She was all alone for lunch, and she was hoping that she might have company. Why not come downstairs and eat a bite with her, anyway?

But the bite was too much. A mouthful of warm food, and the old lady fainted. When she came to, she told in dire humiliation that it had been three days since she had had anything to eat.

She could starve, she could scrub floors, she could bear her rheumatism, and manage to live. But one ability God never gave her was that of asking for help.

NOT long ago a little girl of seventeen met a young man at a party. It was love at first sight. He was only twenty-one, but so steady and so charming that her mother was inclined to be indulgent, and to allow the match. But how was he going to support her daughter? They had better live at home with her, and let her help out a little. The young man was grateful, but he had a good position, he assured her, in a delicatessen shop. He was making forty dollars a week, and thirty-five of them would go to his wife.

It was an extraordinarily happy marriage. The three of them lived together, and the mother-in-law was almost the happiest of the trio. Every day the little bride saw her hero off at the subway station. Every day she walked down to meet him at five o'clock, and there he was, as regular as a suburban train. Luck was with him, and customers were kind. One of them gave him a tip. Another, a diamond ring. More customers, more tips and more presents. One day it was a radio. The three had little need to go out together, they were so happy staying at home during the evening, listening to their new-found entertainment.

Then one day some strange men broke in and took the radio. They asked rough questions about the little bride's jewelry, and took her finally to the police court, where her young husband was under arrest. There was no denying that he had been a good husband. The little bride, between her sobs, told of his faithfulness, his attentiveness, his generosity, and his industry. Every day from nine to five he had worked steadily. Yes, he admitted modestly, it had been difficult to pull it off in the dyatime. He had worked hard. But burglary wasn't easy. He was a burglar.

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The Street of Finance

A Weekly Review of the High Lights of Wall Street

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

GOLD, which has been pouring into this country in an almost unbroken stream since 1920, has begun to flow outward. Approximately $175,000,000 have gone since the first of September.

Not only Wall Street, but the rest of the country, finds this situation strange and vaguely disturbing. Between 1920 and the end of last summer our gold holdings increased by about $1,500,000,000 until we held nearly half the world's gold supply. In only one of the last six years, 1925, did we lose gold on balance.

Our transformation from an importer to an exporter of the metal raises three questions: Why has the flow reversed itself? How will American business be affected? When will the exports be replaced again by imports?

The answer to the first question is simple. We are losing gold because money rates are so much lower here than abroad that funds seeking the most profitable employment travel to London, Amsterdam, or other financial centers. When these movements reach sufficient proportions, they draw gold away. Rates have declined here partly because business, because of its diminished activity and its greater efficiency in the use of money, has decreased its demands, and partly because the Federal Reserve System has deliberately increased the supply. To a great extent, gold is being exported because the Federal Reserve authorities think it advisable. They favor re-establishment of the gold monetary standard throughout the commercial world and they believe that other countries have real need of gold which we can spare. European nations need the precious metal to maintain their monetary stability and to furnish the basis for necessary credit expansion.

The Federal Reserve System's method of increasing the supply of money is not esoteric. It simply purchases Government securities and, in this sense, pumps funds into the open market. On December 21 the Reserve holdings of these securities, Treasury notes and certificates of indebtedness, amounted to $587,952,000. This represented an increase of $273,542,000 over the holdings a year before. The System, moreover, emphasized its easy money policy by dropping its rediscount rate from 4 to 3½ per cent in August. By more purchases the Reserve authorities can increase the supply of credit still further. By selling securities they can restrict it. This control over the American money market and the consequent influence over the whole financial world make the Federal Reserve a tremendous power.

What effect will loss of gold have on American business? We have been assured by the highest authorities that the Federal Reserve System can and will prevent any serious deflation of commodity prices. That assurance is well founded. We have been assured by the same authorities that credit will remain comparatively cheap. In all probability, it will. Finally, we are assured by authorities whose standing is not so high that we could lose almost an indefinite amount of gold without being forced to pay higher rates for money. Louis T. McFadden, Chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives, declared blithely in London that the United States could lose $1,500,000,000 in gold without the New York money market being affected. Mr. McFadden and those who agree with him are certainly wrong. Unless credit rates abroad decline materially—and this is distinctly improbable—a continued outflow of gold would mean that sooner or later we would have to pay higher rates for money.

The Federal Reserve System can, up to a certain point, neutralize the loss of gold by purchasing Government securities. If Mr. McFadden had limited himself to the statement that the loss of $1,500,000,000 in gold would not reduce the Federal Reserve System's reserves below the 40 and 35 per cent limits against note issue and deposits prescribed by law, he would have been on sound ground. The implication that the money market would watch complacently such an expansion of Federal Reserve credit is, however, distinctly false. Bankers, who always have an eye on the System's reserve ratio, would be sure to raise their loan rates long before this ratio shrank to anything approaching the legal limit. Psychology is important in the money, as in other markets.

But higher rates probably will not be the result of any drastic reduction in the Federal Reserve ratio and consequent nervousness in banking circles. They will be caused, in all likelihood, by the Federal Reserve System's sale of securities or by increased demands from industry. Since higher rates are the only power that can start gold and other money returning to this country, it is apparent that the outflow of the metal will continue until either the Federal Reserve System or business blocks it.

Because of the Reserve System's very great power, there is always the danger of its being regarded as omnipotent. It is hardly that. Its operations can only supplement fundamental developments, and, quite conceivably, the System might wish to halt gold exports and still be unable to do so without disturbing our financial equilibrium.

Business activity has been reduced materially during the past eight or nine months, and a respectable minority of prophets expect that this lull will continue for another equally long period. If they are correct, business requirements for credit will remain low and, unless the Federal Reserve System intervenes, higher money rates abroad might continue to suck money away. In this situation, the System could force rates higher, in theory. In practice, they probably would not. The Federal Reserve Act directs that discount rates be fixed and open market operations be conducted "with a view of accommodating commerce and business." It would be poor accommodation, indeed, to raise rates just when business needed encouragement. So the outward flow of funds and the exports of gold might continue until business revived sufficiently to pay rates high enough to keep money here.

If, on the contrary, the majority prove to have been the reliable business prophets and business picks up in the early part of this year, its demands for funds soon may be strong enough to keep gold away from foreign countries. By purchasing securities, the Federal Reserve authorities could try to accommodate business and still keep rates low enough to let the gold exports continue, but, with business improving, a cheap money policy might stimulate excessive speculative activity.

The reasonable answer, then, to the

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question as to the probable extent of the gold outflow is that the result will depend largely on the trend of domestic business conditions. The World War's upset of the international monetary system was only temporary. Normally, gold moves from countries whose industries are demanding less and seeks employment in more active markets. That is what is happening now, and that is what will happen, except under exceptional circumstances, until the present financial system is overthrown.

The Pure Land of Extreme Bliss

(*Continued from page 7*)

couldn't recall a single instance. She went on:

"And you didn't hurt me really. That broken arm was a very good thing for me."

I couldn't understand what grandmother was driving at. "I hurt you, grandmother-madam—hurt you terribly, I know that."

"That isn't what I mean," said the old lady, gently. "What I am trying to tell you is this: Pain is not a bad thing—not always. It's a messenger of the Lord of Grace at times. It brings a great lesson. I am going to tell you something—you may not understand it now—not fully, perhaps, but you will when you get a bit older."

Then she quoted the opening sentence out of the Buddhist *sutra* called "Dhammapada:" "What we are is the result of what we have thought."

She made me repeat that several times after her. There was no big word in it—not a single adjective. But she told me that it was the greatest sentence ever penned or spoken.

Whatever we are at this point of existence is the one and inevitable result and sum total of all the billions and billions of thoughts we have thought in countless myriads of existences, past. And, as thoughts are the only entities in the universe, and actions are nothing but mere shadows, my life at this particular point of time is nothing more or nothing less than the harvest of all the seeds I have sown in my former existences. . . . Therefore there is, and there can ever be, no such frivolous thing as an unkindly slap from a fickle fortune. In the dictionary of the enlightened there is no such word as luck.

Upon this one sentence could be built the whole towering structure of the Buddhistic dogma of reincarnation.

"So, you see," said grandmother, concluding her explanation, "what we call, in our blindness, 'bad'—pain, misfortunes, sickness—are quite often the messengers of the Lord of Grace. Often they are good and great blessings to us."

In the above grandmother was sketching for her small grandchild about the loftiest water-mark of Buddhistic thought.

And what grandmother was talking about was not that type of dramatic tragedy which St. Paul and many other early Christian martyrs faced at the stake and counted for joy. She was talking about the petty, inglorious trials and tribulations of every-day life. If one only had the magic of turning the ills and trials of life into smiling graces and the bearers of golden lessons, what can a thousand devils do to him? What tidal wave of tragedy can prevail against a man like that?

Is happiness the end of life? The highest good?

What higher peak was there for grandmother to aspire—she whose soul seemed to feed and wax serene and hearty on the heroic diet of life's tribulations?

"My broken arm was not a bad thing at all for me," said the old lady, simply.

All this explained why it was that grandmother did not punish me. That, by no means, explained another puzzle:

"But—but," I asked, "why hasn't father punished me all this time?"

Grandmother turned and looked at me with a tremulous smile flickering in her eyes:

"He didn't because—well, because I wouldn't let him," said grandmother.

Attic Tales

(*Continued from page 22*)

"Don't bother," he said—unappreciatively, it seemed to me.

"As you like," I agreed; "but I assure you it's one of the best poems ever written on Lee."

"Oh, I'm ready to admit," he exclaimed, "that it's the best poem ever written on Lee. I'm even ready to agree that it's the best poem ever written on any subject. I wrote it."

Now practically all of my space is used up, and I have done nothing except to tell a few war-time stories. The war time comprised only a little more than a year and a half of the fourteen years that the Club has been in these quarters, and there is much to be told of the peace-time years.

But the new Club will have many years of peace to be written about—let us hope. And it will have no war to win—let us pray.

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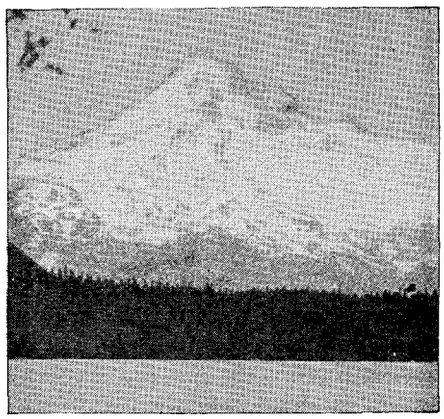

WHERE KING WINTER AND WINTER SPORTS HOLD SWAY

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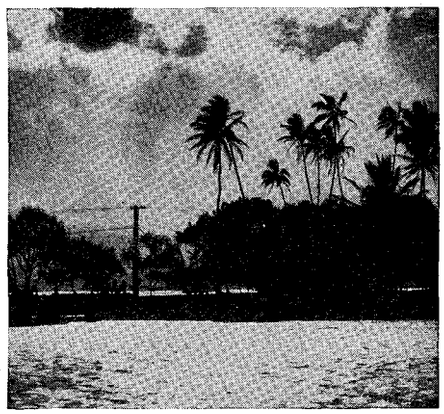

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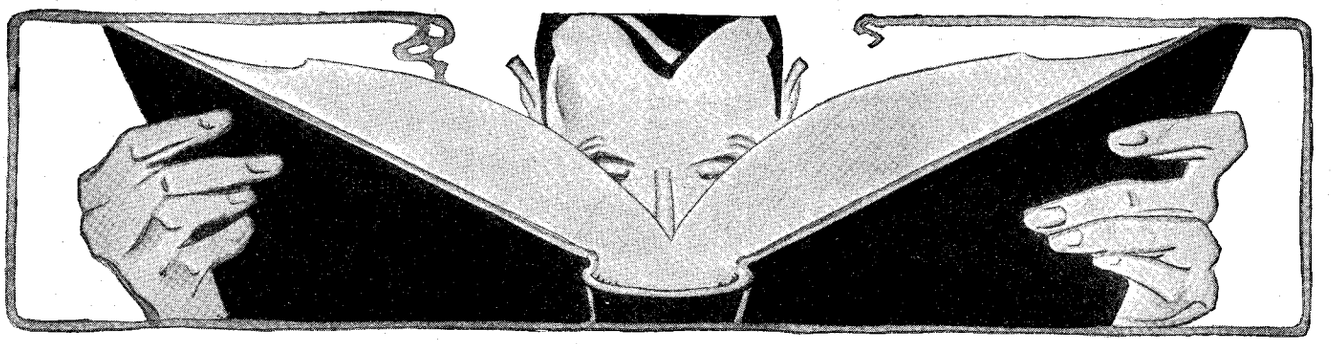

The Portrait of a Banker

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IT is hard to understand why historians have paid so little attention to captains of industry. They have given us no end of portraits of kings, soldiers, statesmen, explorers, and men of letters; but financiers, merchants, and manufacturers have seemed to interest them little. Perhaps this is because the great English historians were classicists and followed classical models, and in the days of Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, Xenophon, and Plutarch there were no captains of industry as we understand the term.

A singular example of this historical negligence of the industrialist is found in the case of Lord Macaulay. The famous third chapter of his "History of England," in which he describes the industrial, economic, social, and agricultural conditions of the English people in the time of Charles II, is one of the most vivid and human stories that any historian ever wrote. Yet one may search Macaulay's essays and papers in vain to find any reference to the great economic and political revolution produced by his own contemporary, George Stephenson, the father of the steam railway, whose influence on the course of English history was as great, although not so violent, as that of Oliver Cromwell. Adam Smith and Walter Bagehot are the two most prominent among the few English literary men who have believed in the profound historical influence of the accumulation of wealth and the development of capital by individuals.

The study of any great accumulator of riches by a writer trained in the analysis of human motives, ambitions, and sentiments, who has no ax to grind, who is affected by neither a spirit of eulogy on the one hand nor a spirit of malignity on the other, is always worth reading from the historical point of view. Such studies are not common. It is with unusual interest, therefore, that I have just read one of the recently published biographies, entitled "The Portrait of a Banker." It is a character sketch of James Stillman,[1] who, although not the founder, was in a very real sense the re-creator of the National City Bank, the largest and most powerful institution of its kind in the United States. The author is Anna Robeson Burr, of Philadelphia, a writer who has been well trained in the art of novel writing. The spirit in which she has approached her task is discovered in her preface:

> The prevalent type of 1880–1910 was the capitalist so-called, as we see him in magazines, in books, and on the stage. He appears, for example, in the novels of Frank Norris and as the hero of such dramas as "The Lion and the Mouse" or "Les Affaires sont les Affaires." Even Ibsen could not resist him. And when we examine more nearly this strong silent Master of Capital, we notice that he is a composite photograph of two men, John Pierpont Morgan and James Stillman. For reasons which it is hoped this book may make clear, this composite portrait is dominated by the features of the latter.
>
> The author started with one view of the main character and ended with another. In this, she followed the experience of every one who came in contact with him in the ordinary way of life, and who found, as she has done, that there was no pigeonholing this personality. A manner entirely direct and simple, veiling a character so extremely complex, offered a perpetual enigma to the world and challenge to the biographer. . . . Herein lies the value of such a study.

It is not the purpose of this article to furnish any solution of the enigma, but merely to point out the fact that James Stillman, like most men of determined ambition and powerful character, had an amazing appreciation of the gentler side of life which he concealed from the general public.

In his day the three great figures of American finance were J. Pierpont Morgan, E. H. Harriman, and himself. Of these three, the popular impression was that James Stillman was wholly cold and inexorable and often ruthless. That he had a side of loyal and generous friendship I personally knew, for he was, solely through friendship, for several years a minority stockholder of The Outlook. It was during a period when The Outlook's attitude toward and utterances on the financial and industrial tendencies of the day must have run counter to his most profound convictions and most important interests. But never once did he indicate his dissent or seek to influence our editorial opinion. The cynic may say that this was because he did not consider The Outlook's opinion important enough to bother about. It was, however, as James Stillman well knew, important enough to bring Theodore Roosevelt to its staff in 1909, which created a temporary journalistic tempest in a teapot because the ex-President had joined the staff of a periodical "controlled by Wall Street." The Outlook, of course, stated the exact facts of Mr. Stillman's connection with the paper, which were highly creditable to his generous friendship. But the only comment he made was in the following passage from a letter to his mother, of which I learned for the first time from the pages of Miss Burr's biography: "It was very nice of Dr. Abbott to allude in The Outlook in such an appreciative way to

(*Continued on page 36*)

[1] The Portrait of a Banker: James Stillman. By Anna Robeson Burr. Duffield & Co., New York.

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

What Everybody Is Reading

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Boston—Old Corner Book Store.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.

Fiction

"Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co. A clannish family in Canada survives the potentially disrupting love affairs of several members. If you like a good story, peopled by startling and brilliant caricatures, you will enjoy it. Reviewed November 2.

"Adam and Eve: Though He Knew Better," by John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. You will find this an entertaining satirical tale dealing with the first companionate and the first Mr. and Mrs. marriages. Reviewed last week.

"Death Comes for the Archbishop," by Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf. This imaginative biography of a French missionary bishop to the Southwest is fine in spiritual concept, rich in beautiful description and moving characterization. Reviewed October 26.

"Kitty," by Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf. A young wife's struggle against her dominating mother-in-law for the possession of her husband, set in post-war England. You will enjoy it if you like a machine-turned story with humor and wholesome sentiment. Reviewed last week.

"Red Sky at Morning," by Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday, Page & Co. The overtaking by the storm foreshadowed by their lurid heritage of an enchanting and haplessly enchanted pair, the children of a poet tried for murder. You will find the qualities which made "The Constant Nymph" such delightful reading present in this book. Reviewed November 23.

Non-Fiction

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, information, and color. Reviewed November 16.

"Bismarck," by Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co. This splendid biography by a master craftsman is unhesitatingly recommended to any one with a taste for solid reading. Reviewed November 9.

"Napoleon," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. You will find this engrossing biography a fine foot-note to the Napoleonic period. Reviewed November 9.

"We," by Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The young hero's story of his life is a direct, simply expressed, and often moving account. It deserves a permanent place among boys' books. Reviewed August 17.

"Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," by Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Page & Co. See below.

The Sea Devil

SOME weeks ago Lowell Thomas's story of "Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," appeared on the best-selling list in this magazine, and was spoken of as being a fine book for boys. Others may have said the same thing of it, for here it is again, this time in Christmas week. Many boys have been given a nice present. Lowell Thomas knows how to tell a story. We learned that in his book on Lawrence, but he probably sticks pretty close to the truth, and his books are as reliable as to facts as any books of true adventures, and far more entertaining than most. Count Luckner is, of course, the German sea captain who turned an old schooner into a raider, Seeadler, sailed her through the blockade tricked out as a Norwegian lumber boat, and sank fourteen Allied ships, up and down the South Atlantic and the Pacific, and, finally, in extremity, sailed hundreds of miles in an open long-boat, to escape internment. Thomas, intent upon finding a German hero to match Lawrence, chose Luckner.

The choice was good. He is the classic hero of boyhood romance, gallant and courteous, brave and proud, swearing and laying about with a marlinspike. The son of a noble family, he ran away to sea and served before the mast for seven years, besides finding time to be a prize-fighter in Queensland, a kangaroo hunter in Australia, a barboy in Hoboken. If there are lingering personal antagonisms against Germany among the young, Thomas's book should do much to allay them. Count Luckner never took an innocent life in his raids. His successes were bloodless. When he sank an Allied boat, he took all hands aboard his own ship and gave them a treat. He never sank a ship without first running up the German flag on his raider and putting on his German uniform—no sneaking about him. Everything he did had the fine flavor of the gentleman-pirate.

Only one thing against him—the publishers of Lowell Thomas's book say that Count Luckner is lecturing in America this winter.

Have You Seen These ?

With a London Label

By Ruth Suckow

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1927 and the YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Ernest Hemingway's "The Killers" is by all odds the most striking story in Mr. O'Brien's collection this year. It is followed by Sherwood Anderson's "Another Wife;" but Mr. Anderson's highly personal methods are by this time too well known and widely copied to yield any startling sense of originality. Mr.

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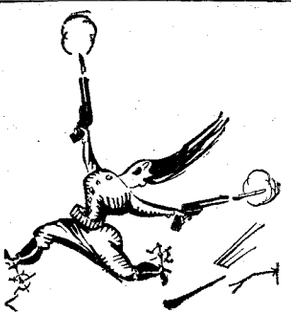

Calamity Jane
And the Lady Wildcats

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

"This amusing book deals with hussies. A gay dissertation on the pioneer legend."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

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Hemingway's story does startle, and by sheer technical virtuosity, by an economy of words that is sometimes fairly grudging in its masculine taciturnity, and by a closeness to the cadence and phraseology of more than ordinary conversation that almost reproduces the tones of the voice. Nevertheless I feel that there is a ripeness and warmth about Mr. Anderson's far more discursive sketch that suggests the difference between the brilliant performance of a *concerto* for the sake of technical effect and the softer, dreamier improvisations of a player none too well equipped, but lost in his music; and I almost prefer "Another Wife."

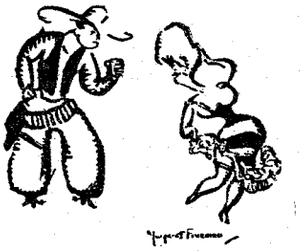
There are a number of other good stories in the book, and two or three that I should call very bad, particularly that dreadfully flowery outgrowth of the good soil of Kansas yclept "Persephone." But what I miss is any vivid, living sense of the rich and racy abundance of the human life that teems within the American scene. Here are the American stories, but where are the Americans? Certain of the odder species appear, but the rank and file are missing. I catch an echo of their voices in Mr. Hemingway's story. I get a brief pathetic glimpse of them in the two henpecked husbands that figure in the stories by Harold Brecht and James Hopper. Three stories deal with Southern poor whites and mountaineers, three with primitive Negroes, one with an Indian, one with an Italian, one with a French governess, one with an English remittance man, and one with a cultivated English author so tragically married to an American author. This is all legitimate enough, but the volume, taken as a whole, gives only the thinnest, most diluted sense of the vigorous American scene.

Mr. O'Brien says in his introduction that American short-story writers since the days of Poe have tended toward abstraction. But it is not wholly that dread monster Plot that is responsible for the human leanness of this volume. Mr. O'Brien also speaks of the "sterile inbreeding of American art and letters" among our young expatriates in Paris. But it seems to me that Mr. O'Brien is speaking from the inside room of a glass house. The introduction itself is stamped "London." Similar introductions for the last few years have borne that postmark. Not long ago I read Mr. O'Brien's introduction to "The Best British Short Stories," much more detailed, much more sympathetic—the plea of an advocate, in fact. I cannot help feeling that Mr. O'Brien is at present more in touch with that "living current" which he desires in literary England than in literary America. Exactly half of his American selections use an English technique, the first-person innocent-bystander device, as rooted in English fiction as the plot device in our own. In method, tone, and view-point—as in "Good-morning, Major," which turns on the idea that a hard-boiled army general is a man but "not a gentleman"—the same influence is visible. I certainly have no desire to emulate an irate citizen and pluck out these stories for the burning. But I do think that Mr. O'Brien has been so long absent, both in person and in sympathies, from the scene of American fiction that it has become as much of an abstraction to him as to the authors of whom he speaks, and that this is not well for the editor of "The Yearbook of the American Short Story."

When She Was Bad

CALAMITY JANE AND THE LADY WILDCATS. By Duncan Aikman. Henry Holt & Co.

She was horrid, maybe, but principally she was pathetic and foolish. Duncan Aikman has written a sympathetic biography of Martha Jane Canary, Calamity Jane, lady exhibitionist, and she would be the first to enjoy it. In spite of the rhetorical periods of her own story of herself, she would have found the easy, colloquial style of Aikman's book more agreeable and more



Jacket Design of "Calamity Jane"

appropriate, and she would have liked his picture of her as she was—a grown-up tomboy; very noisy, very troublesome to the right-minded citizenry, very entertaining (if she didn't stay too long) to the anti-social, very silly. She began acting when she was a little thing, and she kept on acting until the demands of her part absorbed her wholly and she ceased to be except when she was on the stage playing the big, bold, bad woman rôle.

The other lady Wildcats in Mr. Aikman's book are mostly milder editions of Jane. Carrie Nation, whose war-whoopings have somehow the same tonal quality, although presumably they were not stimulated by the same spirits, is very like Calamity Jane. Pearl Hart is

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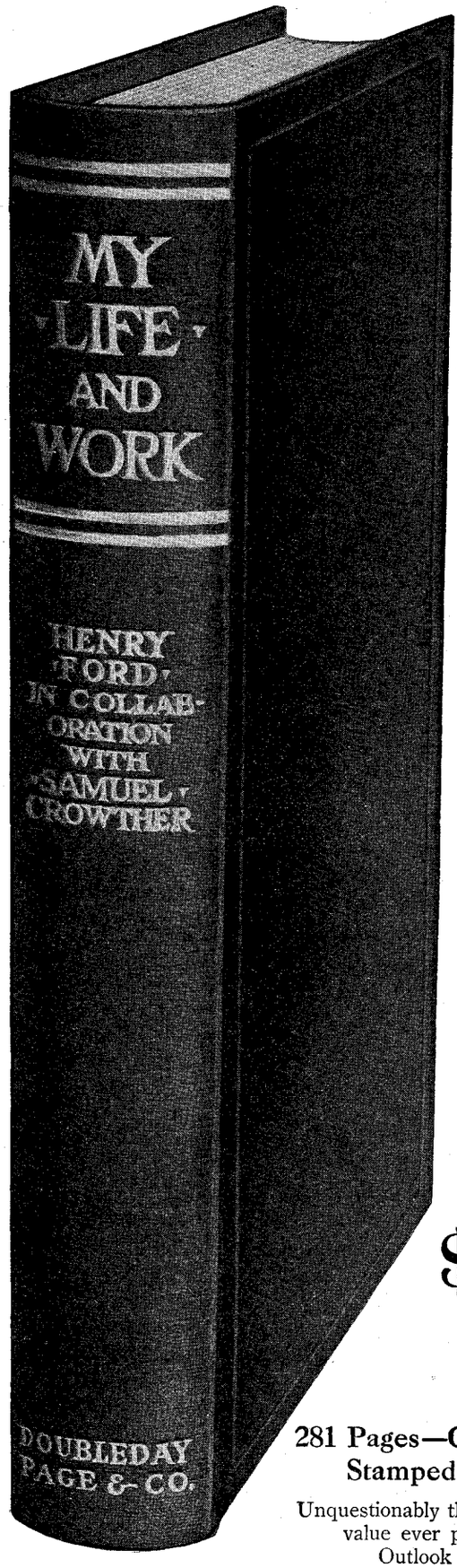

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a regular bad-boy bandit. Belle Story is a horse thief who, true to her era, rode to her dastardly deeds on a side-saddle in a trailing Victorian habit.

Jacket Design of "Calamity Jane"

Only Mme. Mustache, lady gambler, has any exotic qualities.

Lola Montez is included in the collection of Wildcats, but she does not belong there. She is of another species. If she was a virago, if she appeared in the panorama of the Wild West, that was incidental. Her career was her sex and she was the prototype of the moving-picture vamp. To the other women in Duncan Aikman's book the incidental thing was that they were women. In imagination, if not in fact, they played male rôles. They were little girls imitating their brothers, being horrid-bad. To find their prototypes you might go at eleven or twelve in the evening to a café on the Boulevard Montparnasse in Paris and sit for an hour or so. At the tables near you will see girls sitting in couples—short-haired girls in velveteen suits, smoking their cigarettes through long holders, drinking Cressonée or Fine, talking in whispers, intense, agonized. They are little girls being horrid-bad.

Three Tales and One Climax

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY. By Thornton Wilder. Albert and Charles Boni.

"Either we live by accident and die by accident, or we live by plan and die by plan." So mused Brother Juniper when he saw the Bridge "divide and fling five gesticulating ants into the valley below." Brother Juniper's subsequent deductions along the same line ended in the auto da fé. But, however disastrous or futile such speculations on the possible intention or pattern of this our mortal life, it is evident that Mr. Wilder's highly original device for bringing five lives into focus is intention of the most definite, and one which he carries out with admirable craftsmanship.

This book is called a novel only because of our passion for classification; rather is it three separate tales having the same tragic climax. Although the actress La Perichole appears in each story, it is not until the final tale of Uncle Pio that she emerges as a figure of particular significance. She is not the first favorite of Court and stage who, weary of the world, assumes a "languid Magdalenism," or even repents in all sincerity behind convent walls. Uncle Pio is the eternal Pagliaccio, though in this reincarnation he is not the husband of the lady.

The eccentric Marchesa de Montemayor, a sort of Peruvian Madame de Sévigné writing letters to her daughter "for posterity," is perhaps the most striking of Mr. Wilder's personages, though all have a certain disturbing quality like people in a dream. Reality seems to play no large part in the author's intentions. Perhaps no writer of the day does more exactly what he means to do.

Mr. Wilder's style has been extravagantly praised. He has been compared more or less felicitously to Walter Pater, Anatole France, George Moore, and "points west," including Aldous Huxley and Carl Van Vechten. He seems more certainly the cousin in art of Elinor Wylie. There is a similar deliberate artificiality of theme and virtuosity of performance. He shows a fine technique in leading his five characters to one death. Those five lives diverge almost to the final moment, but each moves inevitably toward the Bridge.

The Portrait of a Banker

(Continued from page 32)

the help I rendered in the early days of the paper. Please tell him so for me when you see him."

One of James Stillman's friends and associates once said, "You see, there were two James Stillmans—I knew them both." There was the James Stillman who appeared to be absorbed by the power of money.

> When one of his boys spoke impulsively about college friendships, his father answered only, "Forget all that! Your friends will be the men you do business with."

And during his last illness he remarked: " 'Twasn't the money we were after, 'twas the power. It was a great game."

But there was also the James Stillman who could be moved by the most delicate phases of friendship. This is indicated by many passages in Miss Burr's book, of which the following is typical:

> The friendship with Morgan had increased rather than lessened during these years. Now that they were both out of it, they could enjoy the common interest of surveying the past together and, all competition laid aside, could philosophize over their battles and their victories. When the great financier appeared in Europe it always brought pleasure to James Stillman—who was never irritated by those idiosyncrasies which caused a witty Archbishop to bestow on the elder man the nickname of Pierpontifex Maximus. We have one or two amusing glimpses of the pair, characteristic of both their attitudes toward life.
>
> One shows them standing side by side in Rome before a rarely beautiful tapestry. James Stillman had ideas of buying it, while he felt it to be an extravagance.
>
> J. S., slowly, "I suppose I oughtn't, but it's a great temptation."
>
> J. P. M., gaily (unconsciously quoting Wilde), "Always resist everything, Stillman, except temptation!"
>
> Another story, which James Stillman told himself, concerned a visit he paid his friend in London. Having heard that Morgan had arrived in England unaccompanied by any member of his family, he went around one hot June morning to find his friend alone eating strawberries in the garden. The two had some talk and then a pause fell, and Morgan asked:
>
> "What brought you here to see me, Stillman?"
>
> "Oh," said the other slowly, in that quiet way of his—"I thought you might be lonely!" "Whereat," the narrator continued, "Morgan jumped up from the table and kissed me on the cheek!"
>
> "And you?"
>
> "Oh—I was very much amused."
>
> "And what did you do then?"
>
> "We ate up all the rest of the strawberries!"

James Stillman was one of the three great financial captains of a bygone but important epoch of American history—the last quarter of the nineteenth and the first decade of the twentieth centuries. Any book written about him fairly and with access to inside information would be historically useful. But Miss Burr has done more than this; she has really drawn a vitalized portrait of a complex human being—a difficult task, for, after all, as she pertinently asks, "Who knows a human being?" What biographer, even the most skilled, can measure the resultant of the converging forces of heredity, environment, and circumstance?

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In these days of high production and keen competition to dispose of this production at a profit, lower production costs are essential. Every manufacturer is searching out methods to lower costs of production and distribution for the benefit of his customers. The manufacturer in a large eastern city, for example, who discovers that he can secure a cheaper water power, a reliable labor supply and the raw materials he needs in a smaller city to the south or west, is able, if he changes his location, to deliver his product of the same or better quality, to the public at a lower price.

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It will be glad to put such manufacturers in touch with the proper authorities in other cities who are in a position to offer service and advice toward a solution of his problems.

Any manufacturer can write to this bureau in the full confidence that his name will not be revealed without his permission, and will be given through the services of this new bureau full information concerning the advantages offered for his particular business by cities, towns and localities in any part of the United States.

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By the Way

THE effect of the movies on church-going is shown by the following Sunday morning conversation, reported by the Chicago "Daily News:"

Mother: "Hurry dressing, Ethel, dear. Services start at eight sharp."

Ethel (age eight): "I can't hurry, mother. Let's go to a temple that is continuous."

A Kansas City "alien gives up the battle, after trying for years to learn our language." He should cheer up. There are plenty of natives in the same predicament.

"Can you give me a good description of your absconding cashier?" asked the detective.

"We-ell," answered the hotel proprietor, "I believe he's about 5 feet 5 inches tall and about $8,000 short."

Napoleon said there was no such thing as "can't," but did he ever try to scratch a match on a cake of soap?

Uncle: "Well, Jimmy, if you can ask me a question I can't answer I'll give you a quarter."

Jimmy: "You're on. Can you tell me where music goes after it's been played."

Sign noticed in a photographer's studio in St. Joseph, Missouri:

"Your baby, if you have one, can be enlarged, tinted, and framed for $8.97."

ONE of the tabloid newspapers in New York City sent out two reporters with twenty-dollar bills, with instructions to try to get them changed among strangers. Every one they approached was suspicious. It then occurred to the reporters to offer the bills to every one they met at fifteen dollars, ten dollars, one dollar, and even as low as five cents. They could not exchange a single bill for the most insignificant amount. New York is not what one would call a trusting town.

"Sorry, lidy," said the tramp. "I'm absolutely overwhelmed with trousers. But I was most anxious for an old overcoat before the season starts for puttin' 'em over motor-car radiators."

"If th' rich got as much out o' life as folks who run in debt, wouldn't business hum?" queries Abe Martin.

Blank: "I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

Other: "And you found it?"

Blank: "Well, rather. I'm in the hole now."

From "Life:"

Mrs. Wickham: "So you're moving to Florida?"

Mrs. Crandall: "Yes; John swore he'd get Cuba on the radio or know the reason why."

The foreman was bawling Pat out. "There's Jim," he said, "carrying two ladders at a time, and you are only taking one." "Sure," Pat replied, "Jim's too lazy to go back twice."

Things to Worry About

The giraffe with its long throat and neck can make no sound.—Science News-Letter, December 17, 1927.

The handbill of a Jamaica, New York, market reads:

WE KILL OUR POULTRY THREE TIMES DAILY

IN one week Charles Felt, a merchant of Shell Lake, Wisconsin, got married, conducted a clearance sale at his store, took a honeymoon trip, purchased a complete stock of groceries and other goods while away, superintended the completion of a new building, and arranged for the opening of the new store. And at that he considered it an off week.

The "New Yorker" reports a sign viewed in the window of a prominently situated shop in Philadelphia: "Food Will Win the War. Don't Waste It."

Patient: "Doctor, what are my chances?"

Doctor: "Oh, pretty good, but don't start reading any long continued stories."

A party of forty Americans went to England recently and took their own motors with them. London "Opinion" remarked: "The trouble is they'll probably use our pedestrians."

Advertisement in the California "Christian Advocate:"

"WANTED: A Protestant undertaker—preferably a Methodist—for a wonderful business opportunity in a growing health center in California. Write to the Rev. V., c/o Christian Advocate."

THE following tale of an African lawyer is vouched for in the Manchester "Guardian" as true by a correspondent settled in Nigeria. The lawyer was asked by telegram to take up a case. He wired back: "Send forty pounds. Will investigate." This was done. In a very short time he sent another telegram: "Do not waste any more money. Case hopeless."

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. . . is there a penalty for THINKING?

THERE is a group in America—a growing number of willfuls—who insist upon thinking for themselves.

These foolish people believe that an intellectual and moral ferment is taking place. In their optimism, they even think that new currents of thought are welling up, new expressions emerging in society everywhere—in art, literature, drama, poetry, religion, education—even in politics and in the business world.

So they think. And believe. And curiously enough every day brings evidence of the fact that there is genuine foundation for their belief.

The Outlook is going to publish from time to time the most intelligent discussion of this change it can secure.

Because The Outlook thinks that way too.

Naturally, the penalty for such thinking is going to be—criticism. For it is going to disturb the occasional person who prefers to see things go on as in the past—who naturally doesn't like seeing his settled convictions tampered with.

We believe, however, that the great majority will like The Outlook this coming year—and like it so much that they will recommend it to their friends.

This is the first issue of the new year. It is a forerunner of the sort of journalism you will get in coming numbers. If you wish it to prosper, and grow, and improve, will you signify your approval by subscribing for some one you know—or if your subscription is about to expire, may we have your renewal now?

Harris Thaley

Circulation Manager

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